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NewTimes

THE MALLING OF AMERICA

By William Kowinski

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New Times

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 9 — CONTENTS — MAY 1, 1978

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The Malling of America

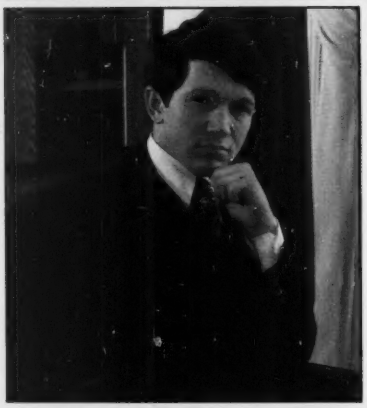
Consider the mall: all but ignored by the media, undoubtedly ignoble by any aesthetic standard, but nevertheless omnipresent and irresistible, an economic, architectural and societal phenomenon that has spilled across the landscape as quietly and indelibly as India ink. Already pulling in half of the nation's retail dollars at the expense of surrounding towns and cities, the mall is now becoming the new social nexus, the place to scratch out one's *American Graffiti* years in the green glow of electronic Pong panels or to play out one's retirement in the soft splash of the central courtyard fountain. Here it is, in 15,000 well-chosen words: the mall as the place where the Me Decade and the Highway Culture come together.

by WILLIAM SEVERINI KOWINSKI

24 Dennis, the Menacing Mayor of Cleveland

Throughout his career, Cleveland's 31-year-old mayor, Dennis Kucinich, has usually been against things. Occasionally, though, he is for *and* against something, as in the case of Richard Hongisto, his recently hired and more recently fired police chief. And Kucinich himself, who squeaked into office by about 3,000 votes last November, is suddenly facing a recall movement.

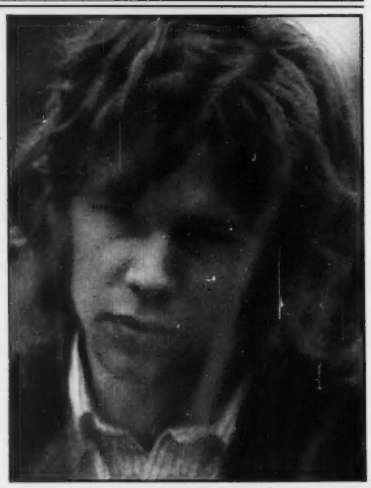
by TERENCE SHERIDAN



56 Remember Nick Drake

When Nick Drake died in 1974, he might have been considered another pop cliché. He was a talented musician, he was only 26, his songs were warnings about things running out, and his death was ruled a suicide. No one added Nick to the pantheon of Janis, Jimi, Jim and Brian. But in his short career, he created three albums of undisputed brilliance, records that are only now beginning to find their audience.

by ARTHUR LUBOW



Cover: River Oaks West Mall, courtesy of Urban Investment and Development Co.

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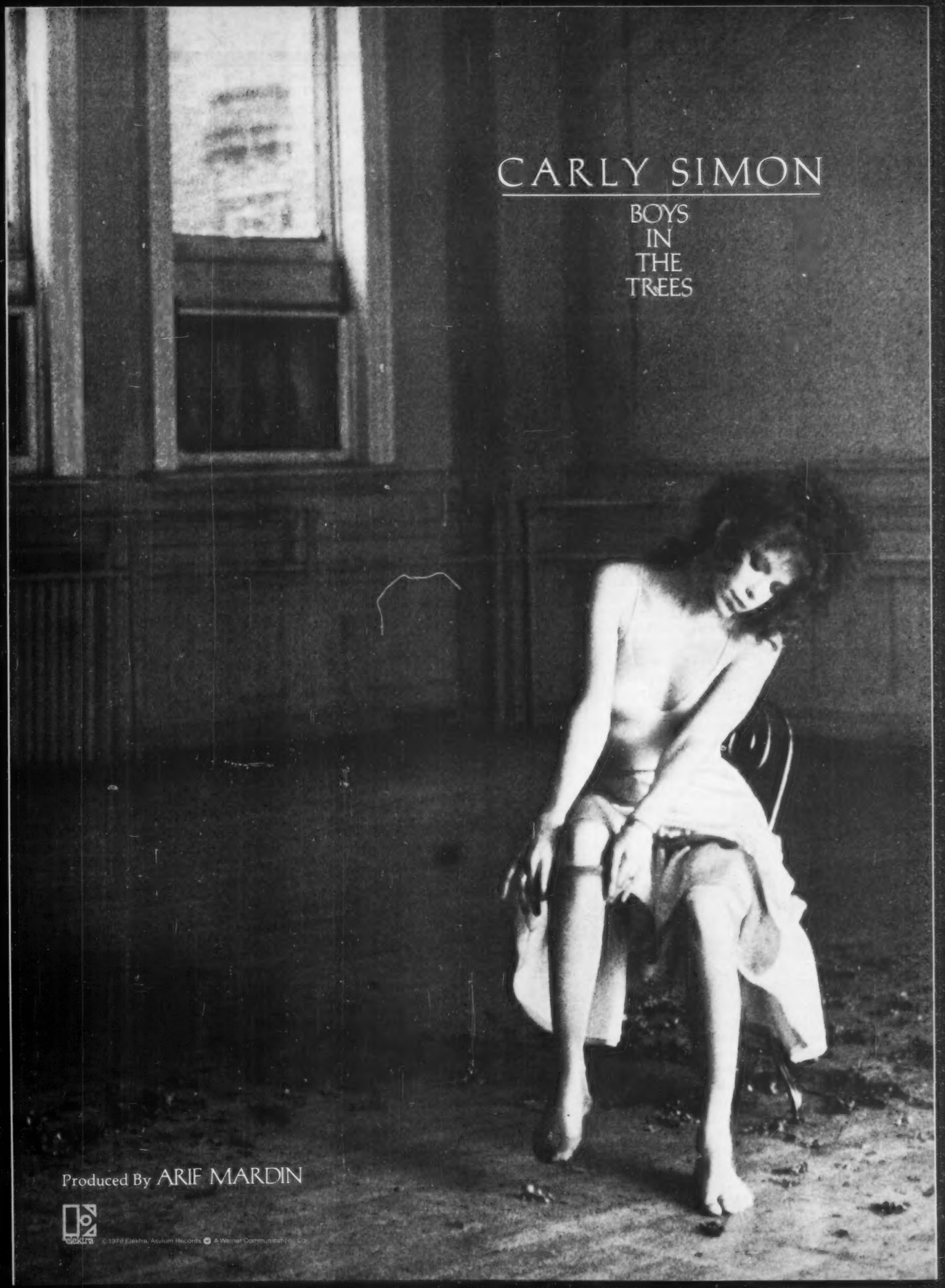
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IN
THE
TREES
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Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

SITTING ON THE NEUTRON BOMB

"It was," said a White House assistant, "a decision that amazed just about everybody around here." "It" was Jimmy Carter's decision on the neutron bomb. Word of a decision to cancel the bomb had leaked prematurely in the *New York Times* on April 4. Press Secretary Jody Powell conceded the next day that the *Times* story had "substantial documentation and sourcing," but insisted that no "final decision" had been made. As it turned out, the *Times* report had been wrong; Carter did not cancel production of the weapon, but instead put it on hold.

No one had accurately anticipated Carter on the neutron bomb, least of all his national security advisers; they had urged him to fight to fund it last July in the Senate, and as a result he had lobbied hard and effectively. But by the time the Senate voted 53 to 28 to finance the bomb, it had become infamous as the "capitalist bomb," a weapon that would destroy people but not property. (The Pentagon had tried to slip it through the budget as "an enhanced radiation warhead.") So the President had agreed to a last condition: Since the neutron warhead would be effective only at short range, presumably in a European land war, NATO allies would have to promise to deploy it before Carter would give the final go-ahead to produce it. His national security triumvirate—presidential assistant Zbigniew Brzezinski, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance—all assumed that this European feint was just that, a maneuver to share responsibility (and blame) for the bomb. In fact, it was the first sign of Carter's own deeply felt resistance to the idea of a neutron arsenal. He wanted the option to assemble one, which was what he said to Congress last July; but what he told only a close associate or two, including White House chief of staff Hamilton Jordan, was that he didn't want to okay the neutron bomb at all if he could possibly avoid it.

The West German military establishment, staring straight into the muzzles of 20,000 Soviet tanks positioned across the border, instinctively yearns for virtually any new weapon. But to most West Germans, the neutron

bomb is a political as well as a military issue. The ruling Social Democrats were split; their party convention last fall defeated a resolution opposing neutron deployment only after heated debate. Thousands of demonstrators repeatedly marched against the bomb. This February, the Germans officially declared that to produce or not to produce the chilling weapon was "exclusively" an American decision.

They hoped to pass the buck back to Carter; like most of the President's advisers, they thought they knew what he would do in the end. But their buck-passing didn't stop there. German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was willing to take a little heat—to say he would deploy the neutron bomb—only if he could get another NATO country to say that it would deploy the bomb too. It was a case of military nonsense making political sense: The neutron weapon, with a range of 13 to 75 miles, probably wouldn't be used or useful except from West Germany. When Great Britain announced that it would join the Germans in deploying the weapon, that was patently too distant; the Germans had to have a continental neutron partner. But the likeliest candidates, the Dutch and the Belgians, turned the partnership down. "They were more worried about domestic protests than a Soviet invasion," says a State Department official.

The Germans did finally provide a token response to Carter's request for NATO participation. Since it would take two years to produce the neutron bomb—two years before it actually could be deployed—the Germans told the State Department in February that the President should approve it, then attempt to negotiate its abolition with the Soviet Union. It could be a bargaining chip for the Russian SS-20, a missile with a 2,200-mile range which Moscow refuses to discuss in the SALT talks because, in theory, the talks deal only with those strategic weapons that the two superpowers can wield directly against one another. The Germans reported that they had persuaded the other NATO members to agree at a planned March 20 Brussels summit that if Moscow rejected a trade for the neutron bomb, they would deploy it when it was ready two years from now.

The State Department, the Pentagon and the National Security Council thought this token was enough, especially because their efforts since last summer had successfully softened the neutron backlash among congressional liberals. One Capitol Hill liberal explained why he had modified his position: "Why devastate Germany if you have to fight a war there?"

But one man, the only one who counted in the end, wasn't convinced. When Brzezinski informed Carter during one of their daily morning tête-à-têtes that the neutron bomb would be approved at the scheduled March 20 Brussels meeting on the terms the Germans were suggesting, the President instantly disagreed: Oh no, it wouldn't. He hadn't known the deal was in the works, and he told Brzezinski to cancel the Brussels parley. Against the advice of every major foreign policy official except United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young, Carter tentatively decided not to build the neutron bomb. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher was sent off to inform the Germans.

Just before Christopher's arrival in Bonn, the State Department sent him a cable reaffirming the presidential decision but indicating that, given the Germans' position, it was still slightly open to discussion: "Tell the chancellor that the decision is not final. We would like to hear from him." That ca-

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE

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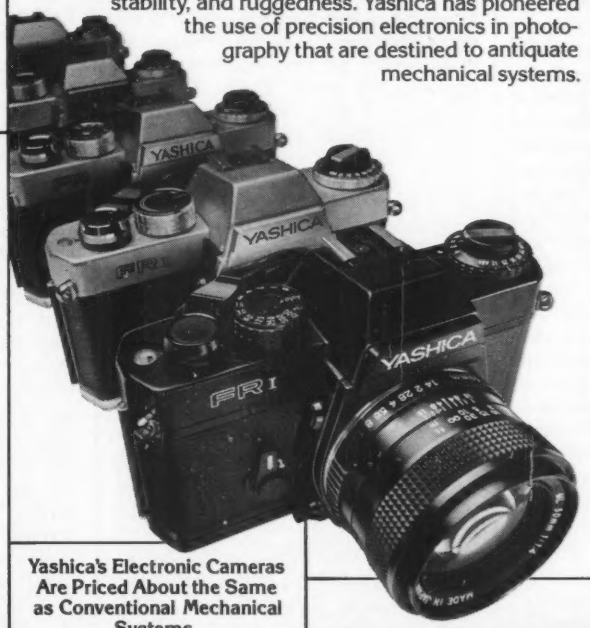

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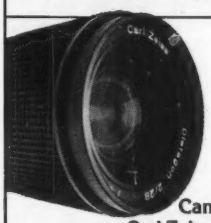

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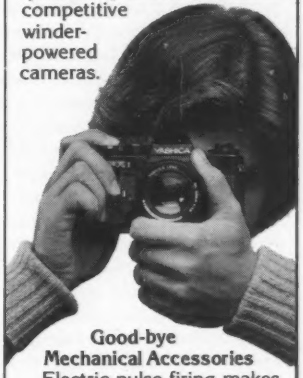

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ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Carter's Nixon Imitation. In her story "Jimmy Carter's Tet Offensive" (*New Times,* April 17), Judith Coburn showed how the Justice Department, to the dismay of civil libertarians, was heading down a path last traveled by Richard Nixon himself. Coburn's piece concerned the indictment of David Truong and Ronald Humphrey for allegedly passing secret documents to Hanoi. To get the goods on the supposed conspirators, the Justice Department—with Carter's personal approval—used various means of electronic surveillance, including wiretapping. There was no court warrant for this surveillance; the Department argued that in cases involving foreign intelligence, presidents have inherent power to protect national security. Sound familiar? It did to Mike Tigar, David Truong's lawyer, who told Coburn: "This case involves the central issue of the last ten years, culminating in Nixon's impeachment—the systematic violation of the rights of Americans by the government. Nixon and Mitchell believed *their* idea of national security justified *anything.* Now Carter, he'd like a few of those imperial trappings himself."

If so, the President must have been buoyed somewhat by the decision Federal Judge Albert V. Bryan, Jr. announced on March 31. "This court accepts as valid the Government's contention that the very nature of foreign intelligence gathering does not lend itself to the present warrant requirements," Bryan wrote. Nevertheless, he ordered prosecutors to suppress seven months' worth of evidence gathered by the surveillance, saying essentially that warrants were required once the focus shifted from protecting national security to compiling a case against specific defendants. But defense lawyers worry that despite their partial victory, "inherent power" has won a judicial blessing.

Capitalism. Like Coca-Cola and Xerox, the Wham-O company of San Gabriel, California, has a thing about capital letters. In a recent feature we printed the word "frisbee." *Wham-O!* From corporate headquarters in San Gabriel came the reminder that the word is actually Frisbee, capital F. ("Capitalization helps us . . . preserve and strengthen our trademark," the letter said.) Our mistake, capital M.

ble invited a last-ditch German appeal for the bomb. White House aides believe that it also became the leak in the *New York Times* that catapulted the issue into the headlines. They guess that the leaker wasn't the German government but an Administration official who hoped that the news might generate enough pressure to turn Carter around before the decision was formally "final."

Carter's national security advisers realized that reversing the President outright was impossible. He was doubtful of the neutron bomb on its merits. It would be an effective antitank weapon, but so would tactical nuclear weapons. It would have the advantage of preserving a battleground physically, but the Soviets were hardly likely to invade Western Europe, and any such invasion was likely to escalate to full-scale nuclear war anyway. Moscow had mounted a campaign against the neutron bomb, not because it was that much more threatening than tactical nuclear devices, but because it was, in the phrase of a State Department official, "a great opportunity for propaganda."

Brzezinski and Vance figured that the most Carter would go for was a compromise they worked out and then persuaded a reluctant Defense Secretary Brown to settle for. They pressed it on Carter with the help of German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, who accepted Vance's estimate that it was the best he could expect from the President. Instead of building the neutron bomb and then throwing it away if the Russians agreed to a reciprocal move, and instead of canceling it altogether, the compromise let Carter postpone production but reserve the option to order it if the Russians failed to reciprocate. This was the final "final" decision and it was announced on April 7.

The British endorsed Carter's decision, but the Germans damned it with faint praise. Pentagon officials were privately derisive of the compromise. "It's a compromise in name only," one of them said angrily. "It's the equivalent of cancelation." And it was something else—"a matter of conscience," in the phrase of a close Carter adviser who himself disagreed with the President. Carter was worried, he says, that "we were losing momentum on SALT." He was willing to forego the neutron bomb in order to signal the Soviets that his priority remained the limitation of weapons. He was keeping the bomb as a bargaining chip in his pocket rather than tossing it onto the already high-stakes arms control pot.

The President's approach is virtually identical to the one advocated by his chief SALT negotiator, Paul Warnke. The hardliners almost blocked Warnke's Senate confirmation last year because of it. Now they are assailing Carter himself for "unilateral disarmament," as Republican National Chairman Bill Brock put it the night of the neutron bomb postponement. And they probably will fight to reverse the decision in Congress by appropriating the money to produce the bomb despite Carter's wishes.

The hardliners can also exploit the neutron issue to fend off a SALT agreement. One State Department official explains that they can undermine Carter's credibility on SALT by picturing him as soft on the Russians: First there was last summer's B-1 cancelation, now this. The neutron decision, this official notes, already has jeopardized the armed services' support for a SALT treaty. A Carter confidant sadly concludes that the neutron decision "is going to finish off SALT's chances in the Senate—and if we lose it, we're in for 10 to 15 rough years of non-detente, of a second Cold War."

But Jimmy Carter realizes that he must get along with the Soviets if there is even to *be* a SALT agreement to send to the Senate. In March, he played to the hardliners in his Wake Forest speech, pledging to keep the U.S. number one militarily and admonishing the Russians against "ominous" adventures such as their interventions in Africa. In April, the neutron decision constituted the other half of his message to Moscow—that Carter is serious about arms control.

Maybe another Carter adviser is right—that "the Kremlin has him pegged as a weak man"—and perhaps Carter did handle the neutron issue awkwardly at times, but it's all too easy to criticize any president attempting to negotiate simultaneously with the Soviets and the Senate hardliners. At least this President has tipped toward peace. One Carter associate reports: "It wasn't that he regarded the neutron bomb as uniquely horrible. He just thinks we have too many bombs, period."

At a White House press briefing the day before Carter's neutron decision, a reporter asked whether the President did "anything on the neutron bomb today personally." Another reporter instantly quipped: "Sat on it." Jimmy Carter is sitting on a political as well as a neutron bomb. And in a mad, mad world, where Pentagon officials speak seriously of a M.A.D. strategy ("mutual assured destruction"), it was a relief to have a brief outbreak of sanity—to see a president risking a political explosion to try to rescue the world's billions from their precarious seat atop 11,000 megatons of strategic nuclear bombs. ●

Science/by Peggy Hardigree

PUT YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER

In his recent novel, *The Tomorrow File*, Lawrence Sanders foresees a world of technology gone mad, a society in which it seems almost reasonable to sever a human head from the parent body and, with the promise of hellish immortality, keep it alive in a bell jar. Far-fetched as the concept of the disembodied living head may seem, it is a notion that, along with the idea of transplanting the human brain from one body to another, has been appearing in science fiction novels for the past thirty years. It seems unlikely, however, that the authors of such speculative works ever expected to see their fantasies become reality.

The problems that prevented transplantation of the brain can no longer be regarded as insurmountable. In fact, a group of neurosurgical researchers at the Brain Research Laboratories in Cleveland's Metropolitan General Hospital is now successfully performing such an operation on rhesus monkeys every couple of months.

"I could create a head on a pillow," says Dr. Robert White, the 52-year-old neurosurgeon who assembled and now directs the brain research team. "We could transplant your head. It would take a year—no more—to work out the surgical engineering involved in such an operation."

White is certainly no mad scientist out to create a Frankenstein monster, nor is he unaware of the awesome implications of his discoveries. When discussing the possibilities of actually transplanting the human brain, an operation he prefers to call "cephalic transplantation," it is generally White who directs the conversation to the moral, ethical, religious and philosophical questions.

Along with a weighty sense of responsibility, White possesses impeccable credentials: Harvard Medical School, general surgical training in Boston, a neurosurgical fellowship at the Mayo Clinic and a Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota. Today he is co-chairman of the neurosurgery department at Case Western Reserve Medical School, as well as head of the Cleveland Brain Research Lab.

During his fellowship White first began looking for ways to help the victims of spinal injuries who would never move again; victims who would live, immobile, their brains out of contact with most of the body, each a piteous equivalent of science fiction's disembodied heads.

White was understandably intrigued with the notion of isolating a functioning brain from its cranial vault. Since the human brain can live for no more than five minutes without an adequate supply of blood at normal temperatures, the problem of linking it to the sustaining machinery was monumental. And even if this problem could have been overcome, not many scientists were ready to concede that such an isolated brain would continue to function or give readings of any kind.

White felt that the key to his experiments, as well as a way of extending the time limit, lay in hypothermia—a process that would drastically lower the body temperature. But could a brain survive or would the freezing and subsequent thawing destroy the memory, intelligence and personality that make it a brain?

Since the rhesus monkey has a system of blood circulation to the brain that closely resembles that of humans, White began working with these animals in the fifties. Progress came slowly, mingled with setbacks and disappointments. Finally, on January 17, 1963, in an operation that lasted eight hours, a monkey's brain was isolated from the cranial vault. The brain was giving strong EEG tracings, the surest sign of life.

Encouraged by his initial success, White developed a system of forcing vastly cooled blood through the brain and designed experiments to reveal the effects of this cooling. Eleven monkeys were trained to perform various tasks so complex that White came to call the animals his "Ph.D. monkeys." Careful records were kept of each animal's memory, intelligence and acquired skills. Then cooled blood was pumped into each animal's body until its brain temperature dropped to 10 degrees Celsius. At that point, blood flow to the brain was cut off for 30 minutes, then resumed. Not only did each of the Ph.D. brains survive, according to White, but they did so with no reduction in memory, intelligence or cognitive ability.

Because it would not involve restoring the millions of nerve cells connecting the brain to the eyes, ears, nose, tongue, face, fingers and other bodily parts, White concluded it would be possible to transplant an entire head. By 1970, he and his colleagues had developed the necessary technology and successfully transplanted one monkey's living head to another's living body. While a transplanted head cannot control its new body, in all cases to date, the monkey has been able to see, hear, chew and even grimace.

The team has succeeded in keeping a donor body and its new head alive for as long as five days. Even then, the operations are not closed down because of problems with the brain—which White has never seen rejected—but due to bleeding of the connections and other problems that seem relatively minor in comparison to the complexities of keeping the brain alive.

There is evidence that these brain-transplanted animals could be made to survive indefinitely; and transplanting human cephalons, White believes, would be easier.

Other experiments are being conducted at the Cleveland labs. For instance, various devices are used to provide life-sustaining blood to isolated monkey brains that, in all tests, appear to be functioning normally. Another device provides oxygen-enriched blood for isolated human brains, and such brains have been kept alive for several hours after the unquestionable

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Q: When is cops and robbers a different game?

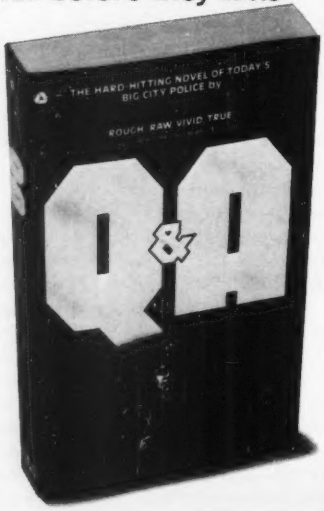
A: **When the cops are robbing more than anybody else.**

Q: When is a police investigation open and shut?

A: **When you open up your mouth, and the D.A. tells you to shut it.**

Q: How many times can a cop kill before they take his gun away?

A: **Again and again, until he kills the wrong man.**



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death of the rest of the body.

What goes on mentally inside such a brain? No one really knows. Brain wave and chemical tests show these brains to be active and carrying on the normal functions. They are certainly without pain, for the nerve endings have been cut, and they are out of contact with all of the five senses. It can only be assumed that they are reliving, over and over again, the memories acquired prior to the isolation.

A true cephalic transplantation in man will not be possible, however, until scientists learn how to get the two severed spinal cords to grow together in proper fashion. A cord is about the size of a broom handle, with hundreds of nerve endings, and restructuring it was once, like the transplant itself, thought impossible.

White and his team have overcome the problems of restructuring the bones in a severed spinal cord; other scientists have been at work on the problems related to the nerve lines. Some $6 million a year is being spent in this country on research on regeneration of the central nervous system.

If these final problems can be overcome, we stand very close to the day when a person with a healthy brain but a sick body could have his or her brain placed in a stronger, healthier carriage.

It could not be the other way around. A person with a healthy body but a dying brain could not acquire a new brain, for to do so would mean acquiring a new personality, new memories, a new self; it would mean, in effect, becoming a different person.

The cost of such an operation would, of course, be staggering, and that consideration alone raises some very weighty questions: Does a genius, whose operation might be paid for by the government, or a millionaire who could personally afford it, have a greater right to life than the average person? Do any of us have the right to such a greatly extended life?

And what of this soul we talk about? Would the brain of one person, and the body of another, bring two souls—if they exist at all—into conflict? White, who clearly believes in the existence of the soul, thoughtfully concludes that it would not; he believes that the soul, the self, the very being of a human, resides in the brain, and that all other organs exist solely to support that center of emotion, intelligence and logic.

These are only a few of the questions tucked away in the not-so-fictional *Tomorrow File*. The hand is on the cabinet, the file has been cracked, and all of these questions add up to a single one that plagues Robert White: Should we open it? ●

Abroad/by Andrew Kopkind

FRANCE: THE END OF AN ERA

PARIS—The bitter and divisive election campaign that ended last month in France began 10 springs ago—almost to the day—when students at Nanterre University exploded in rage and riot over local grievances now long forgotten. Within weeks the campus caper blossomed into a national upheaval, carrying factories and farms, schools and cities to the brink of revolution—or coup d'état. The "Movement of March 22," 1968, lost its fragile coherence a few months later. Its spokesman, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, was deported to Germany; its broadsides and posters disappeared; its people's parliaments were silenced; its war matériel was effectively embargoed when President Charles de Gaulle ordered the cobblestoned streets of Paris covered with asphalt.

But although the *enragés* of 1968 were demobilized, their demands for deep social change in France never disappeared from the political landscape. New generations of activists and politicians transformed the struggles of the streets into more discreet contests. There were labor strikes, parliamentary debates and countless shuffles of political parties. Finally, this year, those historic forces of revolt and reaction faced each other directly in a fierce electoral *mano-a-mano* for the grand prize: control of the government. And then, on March 19, France once again suddenly retreated from the brink of change.

Few countries allow their citizens the luxury of such clear choices between political and economic systems as the French enjoyed this year. The Union of the Left—an uneasy coalition of Communists, Socialists and assorted radicals—proposed a Common Program that could have stood France on its head, turning it from the most unequal to one of the most egalitarian societies in Europe. The Left's platform would have raised salaries at the bottom and lowered them at the top in order to effect a precipitous redistribution of income from the rich to the poor. It would have nationalized scores—or maybe hundreds—of banks and industries, rewritten the tax laws and revamped the educational system.

The "Majority"—the outgoing parliamentary government of right-wing and center parties loyal to the ghost of de Gaulle and the presence of President Giscard d'Estaing—offered little more than order and stability, administrative experience, and prudent austerity in social services and welfare. Against the specter of communist dictatorship it promised civil liberties; against the threat of economic disruption it proposed business-as-usual.

On the face of it, the Left's Common Program was the dream of a decade come true: a revolution that was also a dinner party, a piece of pie-in-the-sky for every plate and palate. Since its adoption six years ago, the program had attracted voters by the millions, winning local elections for leftist candidates and increasing membership in the component parties. Half of the French Communist Party's cards are now held by young people who have joined since 1968. And despite the inevitable peaks and valleys of political enthusiasm, most reputable opinion polls in the last two years predicted that the Left coalition would win the two-round parliamentary elections this March and that Socialist leader Francois Mitterrand was sure to be the premier of a government that included Communist ministers in the Cabinet.

But the beguiling face of the Common Program was little more than a mask. "The program is about as real as Santa Claus," former *enragé* Jean-Jacques Lebel remarked as the campaign drew to a close. "People want to believe in Santa Claus like they wanted to believe in McCarthy or McGovern or Carter in the States. But the reality turns out to be very different from the dream."

In this case, the reality is that the Left's program was dreamed up long ago in a period of economic expansion and political experimentation. "The pie was big enough then to give everyone a piece," historian Daniel Singer explained. If, however, the program were "actualized" now (as French rhetoricians say), it would cost far more than the state treasury could afford, and the political struggles it would necessitate would drain the energies of a cautious nation.

For a time, the Socialists tried to pretend that the program was neither as radical nor as costly as it seemed—that it was a negotiable package of pleasant reforms no more disruptive than America's New Deal or Scandinavia's Social Democracy. They hoped to convince big businessmen—at home and abroad—that their reforms would hurt only for a moment, and that the short jab of the needle was necessary to immunize French capitalism against another dose of violence á la 1968.

But the Socialists' theory of political therapy dismayed their Communist allies. The PCF (French Communist Party) had no stomach for the role of junior partner in a government whose policies were designed to give capitalism "a human face." Even if the top Communist bureaucrats agreed to the common strategy, the mass of militant Communist workers would never stand for the kind of sell-out European socialists habitually visit upon their supporters.

"Look here," a young worker in a Paris pub told me on election night,

MICHEL ARTAULT/GAMMA/LIAISON

Parisian students and police batter the issues beyond recognition

"the PC[F] has nothing to gain from joining a Socialist government that cannot really change French society and improve the standard of living of working women and men. If they have to practice austerity, they will shrink their base. And the way the economy stands now—the unemployment, the inflation, the competition from Germany—they would need a closed communist economy to make such changes, to give us our demands. So believe me, Marchais [the Communist Party leader] wants to lose. He cannot afford to win."

Now the mind of Georges Marchais is inaccessible to even the most searching analysis, but at the very least it harbored profound ambivalence about the prospects of electoral victory in a coalition directed by forces far to the Communists' right. Last summer, when Marchais realized that the Socialists were gaining popularity at his party's expense, he so upped the ante for participation in the Common Program that the Left Union was effectively broken. Marchais made a mixture of trivial and substantive demands: He wanted to agree on the nationalization of 1,450 subsidiary companies instead of the 90 major companies originally slated for state takeover. He demanded a new timetable for minimum-wage hikes. He changed his position on nuclear energy and defense policy (the Communists have always favored nukes, much to the horror of ecology-minded liberals). Mitterrand offered to negotiate such issues after the election, but Marchais stuck to his demands while the *entente cordiale* between the two Left parties cooled to the point of hostility.

"From his perspective, Marchais *had* to do it," says Daniel Singer. "The Communist Party was losing its identity. If the Communists became just like the Socialists, they would have no reason for being. Marchais had to emphasize the differences in the parties. He had to appear militant and Marxist, not only to satisy his members but to save the character of his party. If that meant losing the election, so be it!"

Whatever his reasoning, Marchais worked his mischief to unhinge the Socialists' popularity. In the first-round "primary" of March 12, the Socialists received far less than the 30 percent of the vote they had expected, while the Communists held fast to their traditional 20 percent.

Mitterrand was appalled. In desperation, he capitulated to the Communists and the next morning signed an "Accord of March 13" agreeing to negotiate all of Marchais' demands after the final election. In return, the Communist leader ordered his disciplined members to vote for the Socialist candidate in the constituencies where they had the best chance of beating the "Majority" representative in the March 19 runoffs.

Marchais' magnanimity fooled no one. He knew he was in the catbird seat, that the Socialists would be completely crushed without the Communists' votes. The Communist Party could survive—even flourish—as a solid, organized opposition. But the Socialists have no real base in the country—only ambitious politicians and fickle voters. As Mitterrand once put it: "The Socialist Party is an arrangement of voters centered in my person." Like an American ad-hoc political party, the Socialists are only as strong as their bloc of seats in the Assembly or Congress.

By the middle of election night, it was clear that the Left had been badly beaten. As it turned out, the popular vote difference between the Majority victors and the Left Union vanquished was less than two percent—about the same margin as between Carter and Ford in 1976. But the system of gerrymandered seats in the National Assembly gave the Right 91 more seats than the Left.

"You can almost hear the champagne corks popping in the drawing rooms of the *grands bourgeoises*," a reporter for the successful New Left daily newspaper, *Libération*, said sadly on election night. But more than a parliamentary defeat had occurred. The Common Program was virtually in shambles. And understandably so. Not only had it been devised for an economic period in France that no longer existed, but it hardly spoke at all to the "new issues" that are beginning to exercise French citizens: participation in the political process at the local level, environmental and consumer affairs, worker self-management in factories, feminism and changes in family life.

"In my village, about 100 kilometers from Paris, people are concerned about the way the administration makes all the decisions without any consultation or any popular voice," a French writer remarked. "The big issues are about a new sewer system and about the construction of a chemical plant that is dumping chlorine products in the water. The Common Program has nothing to say about any of our concerns. We voted for the Union of the Left—101 to 100—but everyone knows it would have made no difference to the village."

In the aftermath of the elections here, at least two lessons have clearly emerged. The first is that no party has a credible strategy for attacking the very real problems France faces as it enters the 1980s. Its populace is becoming more unequal; its economic crisis is deepening beneath the surface glitter; and its working class is less integrated into the institutions of progress and expansion than in any other industrialized country except, perhaps, Italy.

The Majority of the center-right is adept at day-to-day management of affairs, but hopelessly incapable of making the deeper reforms that might avert another disruptive explosion—or collapse. Neither the liberal President Giscard nor his possible successor in the 1981 presidential elections, the right-wing Gaullist Jacques Chirac, have projected programs for change. Many analysts here predict a full-scale revolt—this time led by workers rather than students—in the autumn of 1979 or the spring of 1980, when inflation and unemployment could become intolerable for the millions of Frenchmen at the bottom of the economic stack. A Socialist candidate could win that election, but the Left—both Socialists and Communists—needs new strategies for reform even more than their stagnant opponents. For the moment, French politics is suffering a paralysis of action and imagination.

The second lesson of the elections is broader in its consequences: The failure of a radical socialist coalition to win power in a democratic election, under the best of conditions, suggests that Eurocommunism may be a baseless fantasy, that Marxism cannot creep into power in the parliaments of Europe—unless and until it is drained of its revolutionary character. At that point, the Eurocommunists will be little different from the other European models of welfare socialists—the British Labourites, the German Social Democrats and the Scandinavian socialists.

It could be that there is no safe parliamentary way to resolve the crises of "late capitalism" in Europe—to loosen the paralytic grip of inflation and unemployment and provide the social reforms that will make for more equal societies. Most Europeans fear that the palmy days of growth and expansion that followed World War II are gone forever, and that the countries of the West will be squeezed ever tighter by competition for markets, resources and trade in the waning days of the century. What began in Nanterre in March 1968, and ended in the French elections of March 1978, now appears to have been a first wave of those deeper swells still on the horizon.

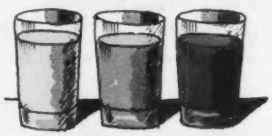
"What will happen tomorrow will be completely new," Daniel Singer said with some small anxiety in the wake of the balloting. "What happened yesterday was the end of an era, the end of a legend, the end of a myth." ●

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

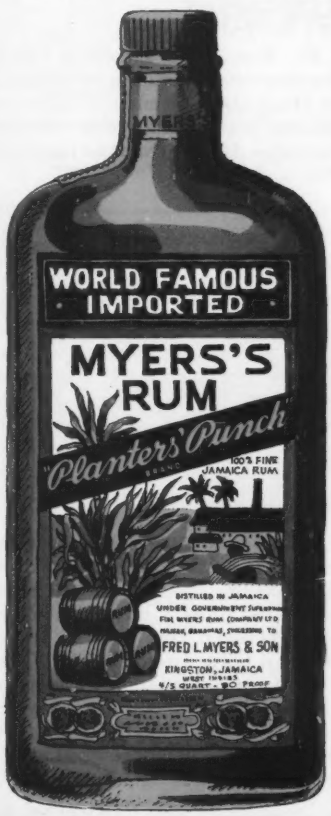
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

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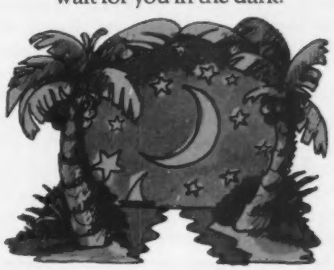

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LETTERS

Baby Talk

"Little Murders" by Jane Gassner Patrick (April 3) was shocking, to say the least! On the other hand, I would like to thank you for publishing it. It made me, and probably hundreds of others, realize how much we take our normal, healthy children for granted.

Carol Stanton
Darlington, Pennsylvania

Why such an antiseptic article? Where was the record of pain? These babies are assaulted in these medical factories. They are stuck; their orifices are full of tubes. Dressings are changed; needles are stuck into arms, feet, heads, spines. They are in artificial glare 24 hours a day.

Finally, there was no discussion of the problem of high-risk babies and single teenage women or poor families. The professions are culturally and politically unable to relate to these groups.

James Rempel, R.N.
Newborn Intensive Care
Riley Children's Hospital
Indianapolis, Indiana

Strengthening Consumer Representation

After reading Robert Shrum's "Is Ralph Nader Obsolete?" (April 3), as a freshman Democrat who tried to play a part in the consideration of the bill to create an Office of Consumer Representation, I feel compelled to express my thoughts on what led to its defeat. Admittedly, there was no question that business groups opposed the bill. In fact, I have received much more mail from business interests thanking me for my vote than I did urging my opposition beforehand.

Two things did go wrong. First, there was not the kind of widespread active support for the bill that once existed in the House. In fact, from November to February, the bill's support eroded rather than grew. Second, the House was, and I'm glad to say it, not controlled by interest groups, at least when the question of final passage came up for a vote. A considerable number of House members voted in response to a very strong grassroots feeling that either we already have "too much government," or that our existing framework needs to be improved before we add to it.

What the majority of the House said was not "No" to stronger consumer representation. What we said was "No" to setting up another bureaucracy.

Dan Glickman
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

To Who It May Concern

Say it isn't so. Could the Distinguished Editor, Confidant of the Celebrated Writer, Discoverer and Publisher of So-and-So, and, for Pete's sake, Fiction Writing Workshop Conductor at Yale, have committed such a solecism? In print yet?

I refer to Gordon Lish's article, "Four Meetings with the Celebrated Writer"(April 3), which carries the following sentence under the Distinguished Editor's byline: "It is my guess that this gossip for the most part is inspired by whomever is lunching or dining across the way." *Whomever?*

Please say it was a typo.

Helen Kruger
New York City

Editor's Note: It was.

No, no! Sartorial Comes from Sartre

Re: Rob Fleder's column "What's the Opposite of Education?" (April 3): In Minneapolis recently, a high school teacher told his class that the word "satire" is derived from the name Jean Paul Sartre.

Phillip Fortney
St. Paul, Minnesota

For the Defense

James Gleick's story on William Kunstler ("Wild Bill," March 20) requires comment. Bill was helping Joan Little at my request. He has not degenerated to representing petty thieves, which she is not. Mr. Kunstler's representation of Joan Little is in the finest tradition of the bar: to advocate on behalf of the client in the most effective manner possible.

Mr. Gleick sets forth unanswered comments on the part of unidentified civil liberties lawyers, without recognizing the often fundamental differences between civil liberties lawyers and civil rights lawyers. If Mr. Gleick did not understand this basic issue and did not think a poor dumb country boy like me had anything to say on Bill, then I would have been glad to refer him to a civil rights laywer.

Jerry Paul, Esq.
Durham, North Carolina

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The Insider

Forging ahead

Viguerie Pulls Panama Hat Over Congressmen's Eyes

Richard Viguerie's bad habits are hard to break. Six months ago, the right-wing propaganda wizard evoked the wrath of dozens of congressmen by using their names without permission on a fund-raising mailing. Incensed, House Speaker Tip

Politics

O'Neill and Minority Leader John Rhodes asked Attorney General Griffin Bell whether legal action could be taken. Viguerie was warned not to try the stunt again.

Last month, the rogue was up to his old tricks, this time soliciting funds for a lawsuit against the government centered around President Carter's Panama Canal stand. (Filed by the Washington Legal Foundation, the suit demands that the House of Representatives be allowed to vote on the issue along with the Senate.)

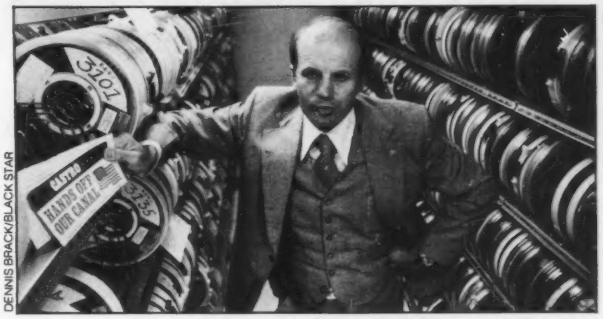
Florida Congressman Richard Kelly wrote the soliciting letter, 700,000 copies of which were sent across America by Viguerie along with his little trademark: the names of 60 congressmen who were sponsoring the suit. Not only had the naughty mass-mailer neglected to ask permission again, but he had disregarded Oklahoma Representative Mickey Edwards' specific warning against using his name.

"Despicable," fumed New Jersey Congressman Matthew Rinaldo. Several Viguerie victims met and decided, incredibly, to take no action unless the incorrigible ideologue did it a *third* time.

Some congressmen were less inclined to sit ducklike for still another exploitation: the Justice Department has been asked to investigate the possibility of suing Viguerie for mail fraud. But Bill Rhatican, vice-president of the Richard A. Viguerie Company, insists that the mailing was not intended to deceive anyone: "There was no effort on our part to indicate that those particular congressmen were in support of the mailing. We just listed them as supporting the lawsuit."

Viguerie's vagaries netted $150,000 in support of the suit, which is currently being appealed after having been thrown out of court.

—Valerie Strauss



DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Viguerie: Unendorsed

Sneak Mug Shots

Cops Spy on Anti-Nukites As the Atomic Backlash Sets In

Nuclear-minded utilities—on the defensive now from New Hampshire to California—are striking back at their environmentalist opponents. With local police forces, the atomic advocates appear to be initiating probes of anti-nuclear groups around the country.

Earlier this month the L.A. police commission charged LAPD officials with taking pictures of the anti-nuclear advocates who testified on the proposed Sundesert nuclear power plant. At the time of the incident the LAPD claimed they were simply making a police academy training film, but L.A. police chief Daryl Gates admitted to the commissioners that this was a lie. He added that the police agents spying at the meeting were "a little more eager than necessary."

Officials from the ACLU and other civil liberties groups have protested the incident and want a deeper probe into the affairs of the LAPD's Public Disorder and Intelligence Division. Claims Linda Valentino, director of the L.A.-based Citizens Commission on Police Repression: "We suspect the LAPD is working with the utilities."

Police/utility spying seems to be taking place in other parts of the country as well. Last fall it was reported that Georgia Power has been keeping files on Ralph Nader and other opponents of its nuclear projects. In New Hampshire, according to the American Friends Service Committee, police and FBI officials have been gathering documentation from the right wing U.S. Labor Party in order to prove that the anti-nuclear Clamshell Alliance is a terrorist organization.

But California seems to be the center for this activity. For years, the environmental Abalone Alliance in Santa Barbara and northern California have charged that police officials there have been attempting to infiltrate the groups in order to obtain information for their files and for those of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the state's largest utility and a major force for pro-nuclear policies in the state.

"The nuclear movement is becoming like the peace movement in the sixties," Valentino believes. "They are opposing powerful forces which are bringing in the police against them."

—Joel Kotkin and Bill Wallace

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

Détente floss: A fierce argument over the nature of our relations with the Soviet Union continues to divide the Carter Administration. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski has insisted publicly and privately that progress on the SALT talks should be linked to issues of Soviet restraint. But Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has his own Kremlinologist, and there's a sting to his background: Marshall Shulman used to teach at Columbia University with Brzezinski. Shulman argues a line antagonistic to the Zbig—that détente is both cooperative and competitive, and that the U.S. shouldn't expect the Soviets to yield elsewhere. Shulman says that arms control should be considered only on its own merits; so far, Brzezinski's theories have been the predominantly influential ones—especially in the case of Soviet and Cuban influence in East Africa. There, Carter has virtually linked future cooperation on SALT to Russian restraint in Ethiopia and southern Africa, striking another nail in détente's pine box. •

The Last Vaults

No Hope for Bank of America (No McCovey Either)

Bob Hope may be the most popular comedian in America, but at the California-based Bank of America he is still a bush league nobody. It seems that Hope lost track of an old Bank of America savings account of Old Ski Nose's—and the bank, after claiming it was unable to "locate" him, recently turned his inactive account over to the state of California as "unclaimed property."

DAVE PATRICK/BERKELEY BARB

In recent months the world's largest commercial bank has also pled confusion as to the whereabouts of Lucille Ball and Candice Bergen, San Francisco Giants' baseball slugger Willie McCovey and California utility giant Pacific Telephone. Their inactive accounts were handed over to the state.

In one of the most bizarre episodes of the missing customer caper, a Bank of America branch in Los Angeles took out a safety deposit box at its own branch, in its own name, and after an apparently unsuccessful attempt to locate itself declared the box unclaimed property and gave it to the state. Bank of America's public information manager Ray Toman explained away the novel banking practices by saying that they handle some 8 million accounts every year and that some occasionally "fall through the cracks."

When asked about the bank's inability to locate itself, Toman confessed, "God, I don't know," and suggested that perhaps "some clerical person was just not thinking on a particular day."

Such lapses of thinking have prompted the California state controller's office, which handles the "unclaimed property," to file a multi-million-dollar suit against the bank challenging its handling of the inactive accounts.

—Paul Grabowicz

Seventies

Fear and loathing in Reno

Nevada Referendum Set to Sabotage ERA

The Nevada legislature, which has defeated the ERA three times in the past five years, has placed an ERA referendum on the November ballot. The referendum, the first of its kind in the nation, asks voters if they want the state legislature to ratify ERA.

Politics

Referendum sponsor Assemblyman Donald Mello says that the measure is "just a poll" to ascertain popular opinion. Only state legislatures or constitutional conventions can actually ratify a constitutional amendment.

Most feminists think the "advisory referendum" is a waste of money. "The antis," says Dorothy Frehner, president of the Southern Nevada Chapter of the National Organization for Women (NOW), "are trying to keep us so busy educating the public to support ratification that we will be kept out of the political arena where we could work to defeat anti-ERA lawmakers."

Five Reno residents, including a former assemblywoman who supports ERA, have challenged the constitutionality of the referendum in court. They recently lost in district court, and their attorney is appealing the decision. Even feminists admit this makes them look "undemocratic." "That suit has hurt them," said Karen Hayes, a conservative anti-ERA assemblywoman. "It's like they don't even want the common man on the street to be heard."

Passage in three more states is necessary to meet the ratification deadline of March 22, 1979, but costly lawsuits and time wasting referendums hinder passage of ERA in Nevada.

—Rebecca Kuzins

Far from the Maddy crowd

Brown Campaign Aided By California Republicans

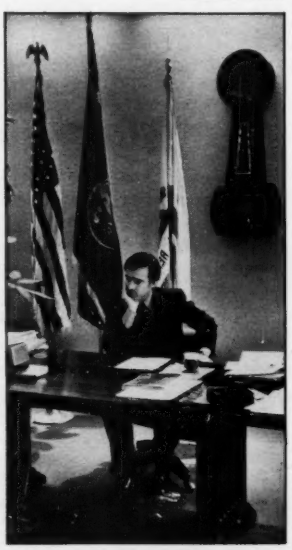
Jerry Brown, slipping in the polls and plagued by deteriorating relations with big business and labor, is getting a little help from his enemies, the California Republican Party.

The GOP, which nearly always wins the state in national elections, seems bent on blowing any chance of mounting a serious challenge to Brown. Recently, some top Brown aides have been deeply worried about the rising candidacy of Ken Maddy, a Fresno assemblyman with backing from valley agribusiness interests and a clean-cut, moderate television image. "He would be a hell of a problem," one top Brown campaign aide admitted, "but the Republicans are probably too stupid to nominate him."

Still far behind front-runner Attorney General Evelle Younger in the polls, Maddy recently aided Brown with a little stupidity of his own: He hired Carson Rapp, a convicted thief and forger, as a consultant to the Assembly Criminal Justice Committee. Despite the fact Rapp quit February 1, the stain stayed on the Maddy slate.

Younger, a veteran warhorse of California politics, is a Jerry Ford Republican close to *Los Angeles Times* publisher Otis Chandler. In fact, if Younger has a chance in November, which he does, it lies in the media power of the *Times*, which is rumored to be putting together a probe of the governor's personal life. Short of a dramatic revelation of Brown's sexual or political connections, it looks like Jimmy Carter will have Jerry Brown to kick around—or to be kicked around by—at least until 1980.

—Joel Kotkin



WIDE WORLD

Jerry B.: Towering over ruins

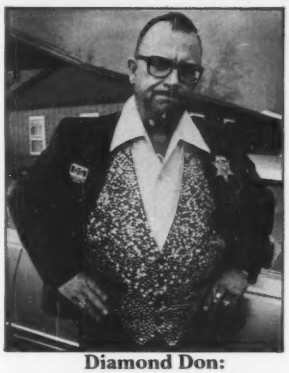
Gilmania Rampant

The Indianapolis 900: Cops Disarmed by Diamond Don

Not since Wyatt Earp has there been a lawman like Diamond Don Gilman, sheriff of Indianapolis' Marion County. Soon after he was appointed to fill out the term of his late friend Lawrence Broderick (who died when he drove his car into the back of a truck after an evening of drinking), Gilman saw his calling: "I might go down in history as a legend."

What becomes a legend most? Gambling, big cars, diamonds—hence the nickname—and controversy. He announced at his first press conference that he "was not paranoid," then barred reporters from his office when stories about his gambling appeared. Following a disagreement with federal officials, he evicted all federal prisoners from his jail, leading to a cutoff of funds that could result in a tax increase.

But the stumpy millionaire former health spa owner's latest gambit is his greatest. When one of Gilman's inebriated special deputies was shot to death in the parking lot of a midtown hotel, the *Indianapolis Star* demanded that the sheriff reveal the names of his "secret police" force. Rather than do this, Gilman revoked the powers of 900 special deputies, leaving eight suburban police agencies—including those in the city's most exclusive neighborhoods—without the power to make arrests or carry guns. Similarly crippled are security guards in city-county buildings, schools, banks, department stores and apartment buildings, as well as arson investigators, private detective agencies, civil defense personnel, Indianapolis Airport security police and others.



Diamond Don: Liberace with guns

Gilman once claimed that there wasn't enough money to get him to run for office. But then, he also said that he would resign if he embarrassed the office of sheriff. He said it April Fool's Day, 1977.

—Tom Cochrun

Rum at the Top

Hot Toadies Line Up for Glamour Liquor Ads

"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

—Ad copy

Liza Minnelli, scourge of the cocktail circuit, helps good kids go bad in over 35 national periodicals as part of a $6 million ad campaign for Puerto Rican rums. The spread features a young, upwardly mobile couple lazing around their loft, smothered in cream and beige natural fibers, gushing over their encounter with Liza: "What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives." The ad is actually a piece of fiction created by the Kenyon and Eckhardt Agency; the fee for the use of her name: a portrait of Minnelli by Andy Warhol, valued at $15,000 and paid for by the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, which sponsors the rum campaign.

Liza is not the only celebrity promoting alcoholism among her buddies. Entertainers Dick Cavett, Diahann Carroll and Natalie Cole have also allowed their names to be used in similar fantasy spreads. The campaign began in January, following a less successful series engineered by the Ogilvy and Mather Agency involving pretty young rummies who never got to mingle at Warhol soirees.

Dick, who refused to comment on the ad, met his drinking chum when they were both "in a whacky off-Broadway play"; witty Mr. Cavett warned his fellow thespian, "This will strike you as heretical, but you may like the white rum martini better than your beloved gin." The ad takes place on a lovely beige wharf near a lovely beige ocean: Mr. Cavett's home in the Hamptons, no doubt.

Diahann Carroll and Natalie Cole, being black, have black friends in their ads. Yet the spirit of brotherhood prevails: the black couples have been issued divinely understated, ultra-beige, layered-look ensembles similar to their white counterparts'. No self-respecting celebrity would be caught dead downing an apéritif with anyone wearing a primary color. There are still no ads with Puerto Ricans in them; perhaps they all drink Mogen David, or maybe they just never get invited to the right parties.

Kenyon and Eckhardt held lengthy talks with movie star Burt Reynolds, who also wanted a Warhol painting in payment. Reynolds wanted to use his real-life associates in the ad; the agency refused and the deal fell through. Silly Burt: Why use real friends, when you could rent such tasteful ones?

Robert Fiore, a senior vice president/creative director at Kenyon and Eckhardt, calls these ads "a very new form of testimonial advertising; the agency does not feel the campaign is misleading, and compares the series to E. L. Doctorow's blend of historical figures and fiction in *Ragtime*. *Advertising Age* magazine finds the ads similar to Truman Capote's use of actual celebrities placed in a fictional context in his recently excerpted novel, *Answered Prayers*. The Federal Trade Commission is not convinced. The campaign is currently under investigation: Puerto Rican Rums could be forced to run costly additional ads setting the record straight (perhaps unretouched photos of Dick Cavett's real friends sipping vodka from an old milk bottle at a gas station).

But don't worry—maybe someday you'll be standing at the bar and Liza will whirl over and press a white rum martini into your palm. But don't bet on it—she only hangs out with models.

—Paul Rudnick

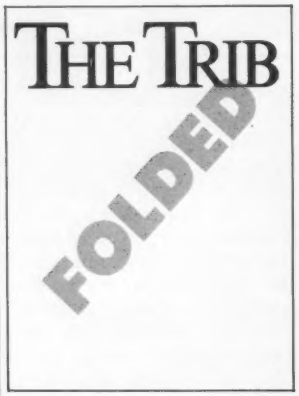
"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

Dropping Like Flies

Trib Dies, Both Readers Ask 'Why?'; Politicks Peeps

It may be the first metropolitan daily to have its death blamed on the weather: "The harshest winter in New York history," is how Len Saffir, publisher of the three-month-old *Trib*, explained the paper's shutdown.

New York's newspaper readers were not surprised by the demise or the lame excuse. First-day circulation of 200,000 in January had dwindled to 40,000 by the last issue on April 5.



The Trib had been singularly unspectacular, inaccurate and irrelevant. It was wishy-washy at worst and at its best provided some of the most notable journalistic moments of the year—like the embarrassing front page story claiming television interviewer David Frost was helping edit Richard Nixon's memoirs. *The Trib* had confused the interviewer David Frost with another David Frost, Nixon's editor, and then compounded the trouble by insisting the story was right. We'll also remember the front page devoted to *The Trib's* own production troubles, the headline that announced Karl Wallenda had been "blown to death," and it's indecipherable "KOCH-CAREY ACCORD THAT STATE TAX CUT TO BE PARED DOWN." Classics, all.

In its last days, the paper hung on in the hope of a strike at one, or all, of the city's other three dailies. But the strike threat passed, and a prospective new investor from Europe kept dawdling. The total investment for the three months was $4 million, according to Saffir. The total editorial and business staff was 112. Most of the copy was off the wire.

The paper went out with a whimper. There was not even the occasion, or the bucks, for a final goodbye issue.

At 5 p.m., Saffir said to the assembled staff: "John Denson [the 73-year-old editor] is a genius; you are all geniuses. God bless you."

By the next morning the wire copy machines had been moved out; the typewriter and desk rental firms had reclaimed their property, and the VDT terminals, also rented, had been dismantled. Five days later, the one floor of a midtown office used as *The Trib's* combined city room, advertising and publishing headquarters was back in the hands of the landlord.

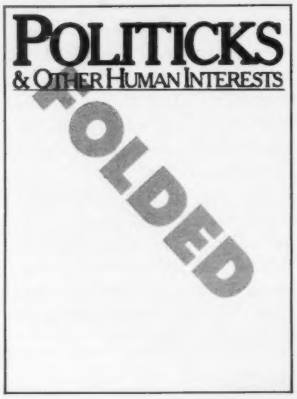
The Trib's existence, however desultory, did illustrate one interesting business fac-

Media

tor: It is indeed possible to produce a daily paper in New York City without unions. The only union members involved with *The Trib* were the drivers. It is a lesson not lost on the managements of the *New York Times*, the *Daily News* and the *Post*.

Unless its publisher can land a new angel, *Politicks*, the bi-weekly weather vane of liberal Democratic and vaguely activist politics, ends its short life May 9, after 14 issues. It reached a circulation of 27,000 (most of it subscriptions and not all of them paid) and used up a kitty of $900,000.

Politicks, dreamchild of Tom Morgan, a writer and former press secretary to New York's Fun City mayor, John Lindsay, was an unabashed "cause" magazine—big on women's issues, solar energy, electoral reform and anti-nuclear arguments. It was visually different: matte paper and lots of political cartoons. But the basic premise—that people should have more control over their government—didn't work.



Says Morgan: "The whole idea of citizen involvement may be a terrific political idea, but it's not necessarily a terrific idea for a commercial magazine. We were trying to break out of the no-profit experience of political magazines like *New Republic* and *The Nation* by putting out a highly intelligent, witty political magazine. At worst the others are too conservative and have wound up with a patron."

There is this consolation for Morgan and his crew: "We printed every fucking thing we wanted. If people read *Politicks*, they knew it was accurate and stood for an idea."

Politicks is in the iron lung. If it has a last gasp, it will come from Morgan's last minute negotiations as he tries to sell pieces to any investors in sight. —*Jane Perlez*

Gourmet Radio Theatre

I grow old, I grow old I think I'll eat my oysters cold

At about 6 p.m., the group stopped at the posh Club Pierre-Alain on the island, where Nixon dined on fried oysters (owner Pierre Bouet said he also discussed oysters, at length) . . .

The *New York Post* reporting on the Nixon travels

How it must have gone . . .

"Now, my favorite kind of oysters are Oysters Rockefeller, which are named after Nelson Rockefeller who, as you know, was governor of New York for many years. Now a lot of people say, you know, the Rockefeller family, the Rockefeller, money and what have you. Well, I just want to say that I have never tried to make an issue of Nelson Rockefeller's personal finances, or his divorce, for that matter, even though, as you know, Pat and I have been happily married for three decades without feeling the need to switch horses in midstream, as it were. But, when you discuss oysters, I think you have to mention . . . "

STEVE PHILLIPS

The King in New York: This month he returned to visit Tricia

Pontiac Grand LeMans Redesigned. Resized. Remarkable.

27 mpg Hwy. 19 mpg City! These are EPA estimates for LeMans with its std. 3.8 litre (231 CID) 2-bbl. V-6 and available auto. trans. Your mileage depends on where and how you drive, your car's condition and available equipment. Mileage lower in California. LeMans is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.
Best head, leg and luggage room in years! That's just the start of Grand LeMans' new luxury. You'll find a choice of the most luxurious appointments ever. Seats with a rich new loose-pillow look. A Grand Prix-style dash. And stationary rear door glass on sedans that allows us to recess the rear armrests.
Most scientifically designed LeMans yet! The latest computer technology gives LeMans an impressively smooth ride. A beautifully spacious feeling. And you can buy it or lease it at your Pontiac dealer now.
Pontiac The Mark of Great Cars

1978 Pontiac's best year yet!

GM

Enquiring photographers

Pope's Nose Gets Tweaked as Presley Photos Are Peddled

It read like a *National Enquirer* story: Two bizarre copyrighted negatives showing Elvis Presley dead in his casket; a plastic bag of $20,000 in marked bills, a mysterious woman go-between and what *Enquirer* publisher, Generoso Pope, called "the crazy scheme" of two Englishmen.

The difference between this and most *Enquirer* stories was that this took place within the office and not on the pages of the Lantana, Florida-based tabloid. An *Enquirer* editor, Terence Willows, and a reporter, Jeffrey Samuels, were arrested on April 4 by West Palm Beach police and charged with stealing and copying the Presley pictures (trade secrets) with intent to deprive the owner (Pope) of the secret.

Martha Renee Brooks, reportedly an *Enquirer* stringer in Tennessee, passed $20,000, supplied by the *Enquirer* to purchase the dead Elvis shots, to Samuels who was later arrested in a $40-a-night hotel. Police caught up with Willows in the newspaper's office. Both men have resigned; Willows reportedly later apologized to Pope for the slip-up.

The woman, who, according to Pope, was "part of the conspiracy" and was supposed to find buyers for the pictures, got cold feet and confessed all to her lawyer. "He advised her to contact us," Pope said, "so she called Monday (April 3) and I didn't believe it. It's incredible." Soon the police were on the case and were ready with the marked bills when the transaction was made.

Elvis: Still making money

As it was with the living Elvis, the rumors are rife. One is that the *Enquirer* set up the whole thing. Another is that Presley's father wanted the photos which were taken with a small camera during a private viewing of Elvis' body. People are asking, "Who are these mysterious buyers?" Even Pope is joining in the speculation : "I've heard through the grapevine that there are two possibilities, an employee of one of the poster firms wanted them and a wealthy Presley fan wanted them for his private collection."

Pope's paper has a notorious past, but the magnate isn't hardened: "Once in a lifetime you have one of these things happen," he said bravely. "Not more often, I hope."

—Belinda Hare

Sweet and Low

For men, one of the cruelest complications of diabetes can be impotence, caused by the weakened blood vessels that are a manifestation of the disease. Unfortunately, insulin injections don't cure the problem either. But perhaps surgery can.

In a promising new development, urologists at St. Louis University have discovered a way to bypass the shrunken vessels that link a diabetic's femoral artery and penis. By transplanting a piece of the leg's large saphenous vein to the pelvis (and replacing the missing part of that vein with an artificial tube), the doctors found that they can then hook up the transplanted vessel so that it can supply the penis with blood. The result: a more than adequate blood supply—and a return to potency.

So far, the operation has been done on only four patients; and although all four were successful, it's still too early to determine whether or not the bypass operation can be widely used. If it *does* catch on, doctors will have to be prepared for at least one adverse side effect. Of the four men restored to manhood, two now have the clap.

Mind & Body

—Larry Frederick

RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

SILVER SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES	GOLD SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES
GRAND PRIZE 1978 Silver Corvette	**GRAND PRIZE** 1978 Gold Corvette
2ND PRIZE 8-day Puerto Rico Vacation For Two	**2ND PRIZE** 8-day Puerto Rico Vacation For Two
3RD PRIZE 25 LeJour Silver Coin Men's Wrist Watches or Women's Pendant Watches	**3RD PRIZE** 25 LeJour Goldentone Coin Men's Wrist Watches or Women's Pendant Watches
4TH PRIZE 100 Ronrico Rumbrellas	**4TH PRIZE** 100 Ronrico Rumbrellas

OFFICIAL RULES

1. On one or both (Gold and/or Silver) entry forms, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then, answer the Ronrico Rum questions with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750 ml. bottle of Ronrico White (Silver label) or Gold Rum. If you don't own a bottle visit your favorite restaurant or tavern or go to any participating liquor store and look for the Ronrico display.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by July 15, 1978 to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of correct entries by Frederick Siebel Associates, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No purchase required.

3. Each of the grand prize winners will receive a standard equipped 1978 Chevrolet Corvette. The two second prize winners will each receive a 7-night, 8-day trip for two to San Juan, Puerto Rico, including air fare, hotel accommodations and $200 in cash. The 50 third prize winners will receive a LeJour Silver or Goldentone Man's Coin Wrist Watch or Woman's Pendant Watch. The 200 fourth prize winners will each receive a Ronrico umbrella. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash.

4. Only one prize per family or household in each sweepstakes. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correct entries received. All prizes will be awarded.

5. Automobile winners agree to assume responsibility for any optional items as defined by General Motors as well as local, state and federal taxes, city and state licensing and registration fees. Automobiles will be made available as near as possible to the prize winner's home address for pick up by winners. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S.A., Alaska and Hawaii. Employees, and their families, of General Wine and Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.

6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.

7. A list of all winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ronrico Rum Winners List, P.O. Box 8286, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

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RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

Win the Silver...Win the Gold...or Win Both

Win 1978 Silver Corvette

Win 1978 Gold Corvette

Plus Over 250 Other Valuable Prizes

Ronrico doubles the action with not one—but two—exciting sweepstakes. Great fun and easy to enter. Just answer the Ronrico Rum questions on either or both of the entry blanks below with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750 ml. bottle of Ronrico White (Silver label) or Gold Rum. Complete the form and mail to us. If you don't own a bottle of Ronrico, visit your favorite restaurant, tavern or package store and look for the special Ronrico display.

While you're waiting to hear if you've won, try our White (Silver label) and Gold Ronrico Rums in your favorite drink.

Two ways to go...

Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes

Mail to: Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 8276 NT
St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and back labels of Ronrico White (Silver Label) quart and 750 ml. sizes.)

1. Ronrico was established in
☐ 1492 ☐ 1860 ☐ 1908

2. Ronrico White (Silver Label) is
☐ dry ☐ sweet.

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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RONRICO • WHITE & GOLD • 80 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

RONRICO
DRY SILVER/MELLOW GOLD

Two ways to win!...

Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes

Mail to: Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 8268 NT
St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and back labels of Ronrico Gold quart and 750 ml. sizes.)

1. Ronrico is produced and bottled in
☐ Florida ☐ Puerto Rico ☐ Jamaica.

2. The "Ronrico Manhattan" is made with
☐ 1½ oz. ☐ 2 oz. of Ronrico Gold.

3. The "Ronrico Sour" is made with
☐ lemon juice ☐ grapefruit juice.

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
RONRICO • WHITE & GOLD • 80 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

NewTimes

Dennis, the Menacing Mayor of Cleveland

He looks like Dondi, acts like an attack Chihuahua and wants to be president of the United States

by Terence Sheridan

Dennis Kucinich, the 31-year-old "reformer" of Cleveland, is the youngest and the shortest big-city mayor in the nation. A five-foot-six populist, he has campaigned courageously for inexpensive hot dogs and against the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company. So what is happening today outside City Hall is unseemly in the extreme.

Dissatisfied citizens, members of The Recall Committee to Save Cleveland, a curious coalition of malcontents and political groupies, are circulating petitions to recall Kucinich on general principles. They are gleefully pushing the petitions in front of the Public Square statue of Tom L. Johnson, the city's legendary populist mayor.

Four months ago, en route to his inaugural, Kucinich paused to lay a wreath at the base of the statue and to promise changes. He kept his promise. One of his first changes was to fire his newly appointed police chief, Richard Hongisto, for insubordination—100 days after he hired him.

There have been other changes and more are anticipated. Members of the preceding administration were known as simple-minded graybeards who had obstinately refused to slip into senescence gracefully. They were rude, arrogant, unimaginative and old. Kucinich changed that, too. So far, his administration has been rude, arrogant, unimaginative and young. (About half of the city's top 40 posts are now held by people younger than the mayor.) He laid off 200 upper-level city employees his aides call "hacks" and replaced them with people his opponents call "cronies." ("The Lord has blessed me with some capable friends," he says.) He fired the airport director and replaced him with a school teacher who had been active in his campaign. And he appointed his Uncle George, who served a prison term for burglary, as an investigator in the consumer affairs department.

With the recall movement nipping at his heels, Kucinich appeared on television and said, in essence, praise the Lord and smite the wicked. He urged viewers to read their Bibles, particularly Psalms 35 and 36: *David prayeth for his own safety and his enemies' confusion.*

Living in Cleveland was all of a sudden becoming an exercise in stress management. There were rumors that the city's safety director was a bagman; there were rumors that the city's ex-police chief was gay; and now their mayor was doing a superb imitation of a 140-pound religious fanatic.

But somehow it all seemed reasonable in Cleveland, a city where conventional spectator sports are both dull and expensive—a shot-and-beer mill town struggling to make it in a cybernetic society even as citizens flee at the rate of 20,000 a year.

The only thing one counted on in this comic chump of a city was that the Cuyahoga River and the former mayor could catch on fire at any time. (Mayor Ralph Perk's hair was ignited by an acetylene torch at a metal show.) But back in campaign days, Kucinich promised that things would be different by now, that the city of some 600,000 cynics would no longer have to make book on the fact that they would be hustled by politicians young and old.

Terence Sheridan, who lives in Cleveland, is a former reporter with The Plain Dealer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK ALEKSANDROWICZ/BLACK STAR

This is the Dennis Kucinich I remember, looking you squarely in the eyes and saying incredible things. I'm almost sorry I once tried to kill him

In 11 years of running for public office, Kucinich built a reputation on the attack principle in the spirited but silly game of confrontation politics. At 23, Kucinich, the son of a truck driver, upset a 64-year-old incumbent councilman by 16 votes, running an uncivil but effective campaign out of a $65-a-month apartment overlooking grimy steel mills on the city's near West Side. Kucinich was specifically against Carl Stokes, the nation's first big-city black mayor, and eternally for the "forgotten people." But before the West Siders could get to know him, Dennis was gone. Less than two years after he was elected to the council, his impoverished ward of forgotten people was redistricted.

He followed the solid middle class, the blue-collar ethnics, further west, where he won a second term to council. And then, a month later, at 25, he announced his candidacy for Congress. He lost the election but it didn't hurt him. The media he manipulated so well did not love him but could no longer ignore him, and he knew it. He peddled issues like a hyperthyroid fence with too many hot TV sets: End political patronage, institute tax reform for the "working man," reduce the number of city employees, return government to the "little people."

Kucinich was mostly against things. Rarely was he for anything. But sometimes he was for *and* against things. He was, for example, for and against reducing the number of seats on the city council, for and against public housing and for and against gun control. He was also for and against the previous mayor, Ralph Perk, who stumbled through three terms and yet was strangely immune to recall petitions.

But convictions followed constituency, so in the old days there was a hostile Dennis, a councilmanic David standing at the river that burns, the polluted boundary in a bifurcated town, saying they shall not pass and calling then-Mayor Carl Stokes a "public enemy." He scooted off, this lively little guy of Croatian and Irish antecedents, to the Polish neighborhoods to sing "Ja cie kocham, Ja cie kocham!"—"I love you, I love you!"—to potential constituents.

Last year, the kid who had played the lead in his senior class play, *The Mouse that Roared*, was on his way, and squeaked past his opponent by about 3,000 votes to become the newest mayor of Cleveland.

It's not that Kucinich is so very small; it's that the mayor's high-domed office is so very large. A small brass object, about as big as a belt buckle, on the mayor's desk is inadvertently appropriate. Alice, in Wonderland, defiantly tossing playing cards up in the air, bears the words: "'Who cares for you?' said Alice. She had grown to her full size by this time. 'You're nothing but a pack of cards!'"

A portrait of Tom L. Johnson, large and classy populist mayor of Cleveland from 1901 to 1909, is prominently displayed in an anteroom. It wasn't there a year ago.

"Who moved the picture?" I ask.

"I did," says the mayor's appointments secretary. "I moved the picture."

"No," the mayor corrects her. "I moved the picture."

"Oh, yes," she says. "That's right. You moved the picture."

When she leaves, Kucinich begins to speak about his term so far. "It has been," he says, an "unusual four months," but adds that he has learned a critically important thing.

"I've learned not to share my ideas of what I've learned about the media with the media," says the mayor, a former copyboy with *The Plain Dealer*, Ohio's largest newspaper.

At least, that is, he won't be sharing them with the deckhands, the reporters. Kucinich now deals directly with *The Plain Dealer* publisher, Thomas Van Husen Vail, a charter member of Cleveland's patrician establishment. After telling his television audience to read their Bibles, the mayor visited Vail in the publisher's office. The next morning the paper carried an editorial headlined "Recall Try is Premature." When he was chief copyboy at the paper, Kucinich called Vail a clown. Today he calls him a "great editor." It's understandable.

Meanwhile, the mayor says, his "only goal" is to be mayor of Cleveland for "quite a while."

"My goals," he says, "aren't related to positions. My goals are related to the advancement of ideas I believe in—that economic justice is possible, that the poor people and the working people have just as much right to survive as those who are very rich, and that the system of government we have should take notice of the needs of those people that have not, or else there is going to be a great change in the government."

Lest you think that Dennis' selfless goals will keep him forever anchored in Cleveland, that he might not be passing your way: "I've got issues, lots of them. Tax abatements for big business, for example, which I have fought vigorously against . . . What I have done in Cleveland is to draw the line for other cities."

And: "Another area, transportation. I turned down $41 million in federal funds for a senseless downtown People Mover, a monorail. We have other problems to solve first, like getting people to and from work . . . I pointed the way for other cities."

And: "I'm a man of the people . . . That's all I am and all I ever want to be."

This is wonderful; finally, someone is going to deal with those who loot and mock us.

"What is your major accomplishment after four months in office, mayor?"

"Helping to make Cleveland the first big city in the nation which the establishment does not control," he replies firmly.

"They don't control it now?" I ask.

"No."

"You sure about that?"

"Yes," he says.

This is the Dennis Kucinich I remember, looking you squarely in the eyes and saying incredible things. I'm almost sorry I once tried to kill him.

"What the hell, no one is infallible. We all make mistakes, even though we try to cover them up the best we can"

He was a copyboy at the time. He looked like Dondi, acted like an attack Chihuahua and was called Norbert. Dennis bet six reporters, me included, that he could drink 10 martinis in 30 minutes. He did it in 27. A few months later we found out that he had a traveling magic act: Large amounts of beer and liquor disappeared after the bets were on the bar. We found this out about the same time part of his stomach was removed in a major operation, which prematurely ended the act.

Dennis pointedly refrained from drinking if there was any chance that he would enjoy it. He used to wear a black raincoat and a perpetual pout . . . A young Elisha Cook, Jr.—Wilmer the gunsel in *The Maltese Falcon*. Except that instead of two .45-caliber Colts, Dennis carried a small starter's pistol that fired blanks. Before leaving the building, he would take the pistol out of his briefcase and put it in a pocket of the raincoat. Protection in mean streets. He was working an 80-hour week—a copyboy who attended college and worked as a surgical technician in a hospital.

One night, two rewrite men were missing in action: a late dinner and many drinks in a low bar. An editor was close to a deadline and a nervous breakdown until Dennis told him where to find them. When they returned, Dennis was using a typewriter. Stories were slugged "Leads," as in Lead Rape or Lead Politics.

"What are you writing, Norbert," one of them asked, "Lead Squeal?"

The reporter was sitting down when he said it. When he looked up, Kucinich was standing over him, raging. "Say that one more time and I will punch you in the fucking mouth!"

The other rewrite man paused in his work, looked up, continued typing and said, "What are you writing, Norbert, Lead Squeal?" Confused and angry, looking as though he were about to cry, the kid ran out of the city room and up the hallway.

Nevertheless, he did have fun, after a fashion. During the 1966 Hough riots, when it appeared that irate East Siders were going to move it downtown and turn *The Plain Dealer* building into a parking lot, Dennis set off a string of firecrackers in the city room. It was supposed to scare the city editor. But the city editor was either intently preoccupied or unbelievably dense, for he never looked up. That, however, may have been an historic moment. It may have been the last time anyone would ignore Dennis when he set off firecrackers, literally or symbolically.

The mayor's safety director is James Barrett, a former Cleveland policeman, a black who twice led city cops in felony arrests. A two-time loser in races for the sheriff's office, Barrett used to be bodyguard and chauffeur to Carl Stokes, now a television man in New York City.

Barrett first met Richard Hongisto in 1972 at a conference on racial discrimination in law enforcement in Atlanta, Georgia. Hongisto, a policeman in San Francisco for 10 years and county sheriff for six more, made national headlines when he served five days in a San Mateo County jail for refusing to carry out a court-ordered eviction of elderly residents from a Chinatown hotel. One of the most liberal top cops in history, Hongisto also gained attention for his support of homosexual rights.

After Barrett became safety director, he recommended Hongisto for the post of police chief. During interviews, Barrett says he asked him if he was gay. "I asked him twice, once in San Francisco and once in Cleveland. And he denied it."

When the mayor hired Hongisto, he praised him as "the best" law enforcement officer in the nation, a man with a national reputation. Cleveland policemen were calling him other things. Any cop who would pay his own way to Miami to oppose Anita Bryant's campaign against gays, they reasoned, was a flaming fag himself. "Swallow the leader," they giggled.

Two weeks before the new chief arrived in town, the cops had a run-in with Barrett. He had taken away their personal weapons, M-1 carbines purchased from the federal government by 1,500 cops after the Glenville shoot-out in 1968 when seven blacks and three policemen were killed.

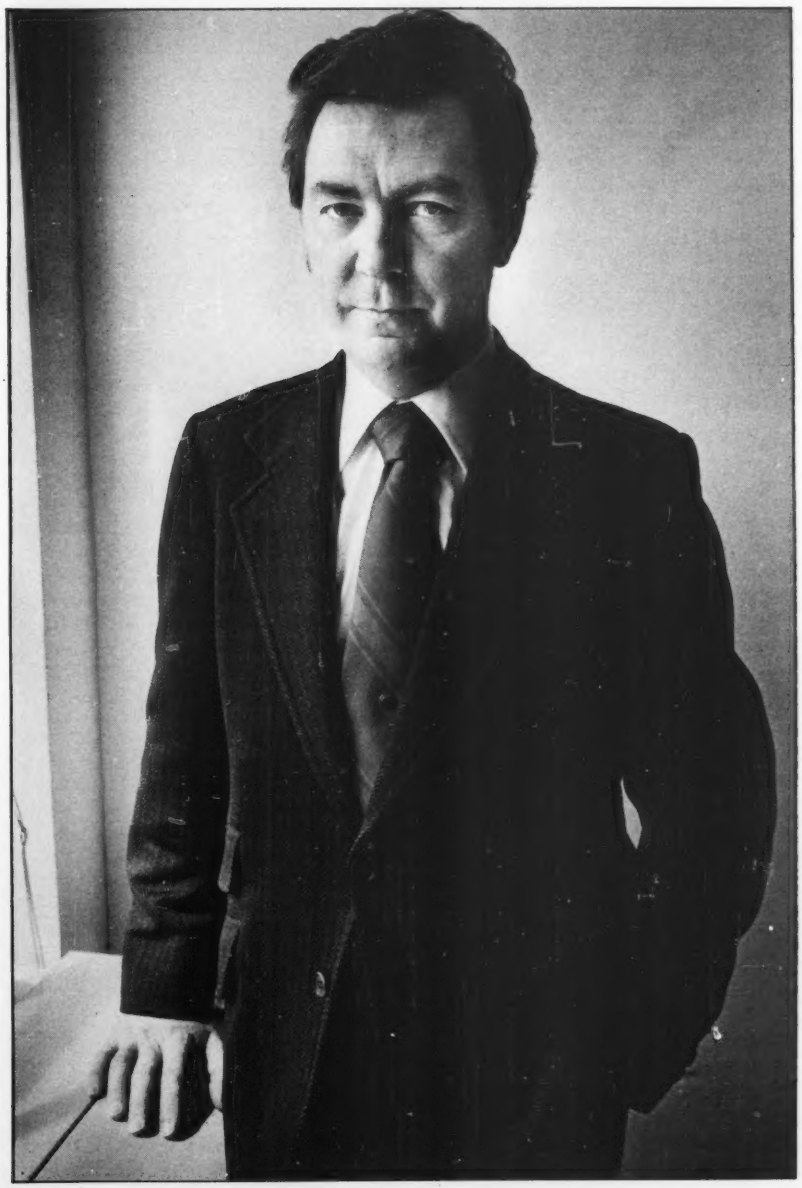
"We felt we needed them in the event of another Glenville," says William McNea, president of the Cleveland Police Patrolmen's Association (CPPA), which represents about 1,800 of the city's 2,000 policemen. "Then right out of the blue he does this, even after I told him to hold off the order that weekend because we had information, a call from a TV station, that two cops were going to get killed. It was read at the roll calls. But then he takes the carbines and that following Monday a cop *does* get shot. I don't think it was related to the other thing, but a cop got shot nonetheless." (The cop, a 28-year-old patrolman, was shot in the thigh when he and his partner went to an apartment to question a man about a gun. His partner broke his foot falling down a stairway. The patrolmen emptied their revolvers, wounding a 51-year-old man who was subsequently charged with two counts of attempted murder.)

In any event, by the time Hongisto took over his desk, the Cleveland cops were anxious for a change. "We told him we were ready to assist, not resist," says McNea. "I mean, we knew that he had a so-called, ah, background, which, incidentally, we totally ignored. We told him to give us a fair shake and we would give him one. We camped on that and he went about doing his number, and he did it quite well."

The number was public relations. "We needed some P.R.," says McNea. "And this guy, you know, was a politician in Frisco. He knows how to cultivate the media.

"So he starts getting around with them, the media, trying to get the coppers in a good light. But he kept close to us, too. He's out there in the snow with

What Clevelanders had to look forward to was a mayor and a police chief frantically cruising the town in search of registered voters about to keel over



The brief chief: Hongisto cut a deal, did a job and got axed

MATT BULVONY/CLEVELAND MAGAZINE

us, in the trenches with the troops. When he helped catch a couple of burglars—I mean, he didn't do it himself, there were a couple of coppers with him—he took the cops and their wives out to dinner, which is a little different, you know."

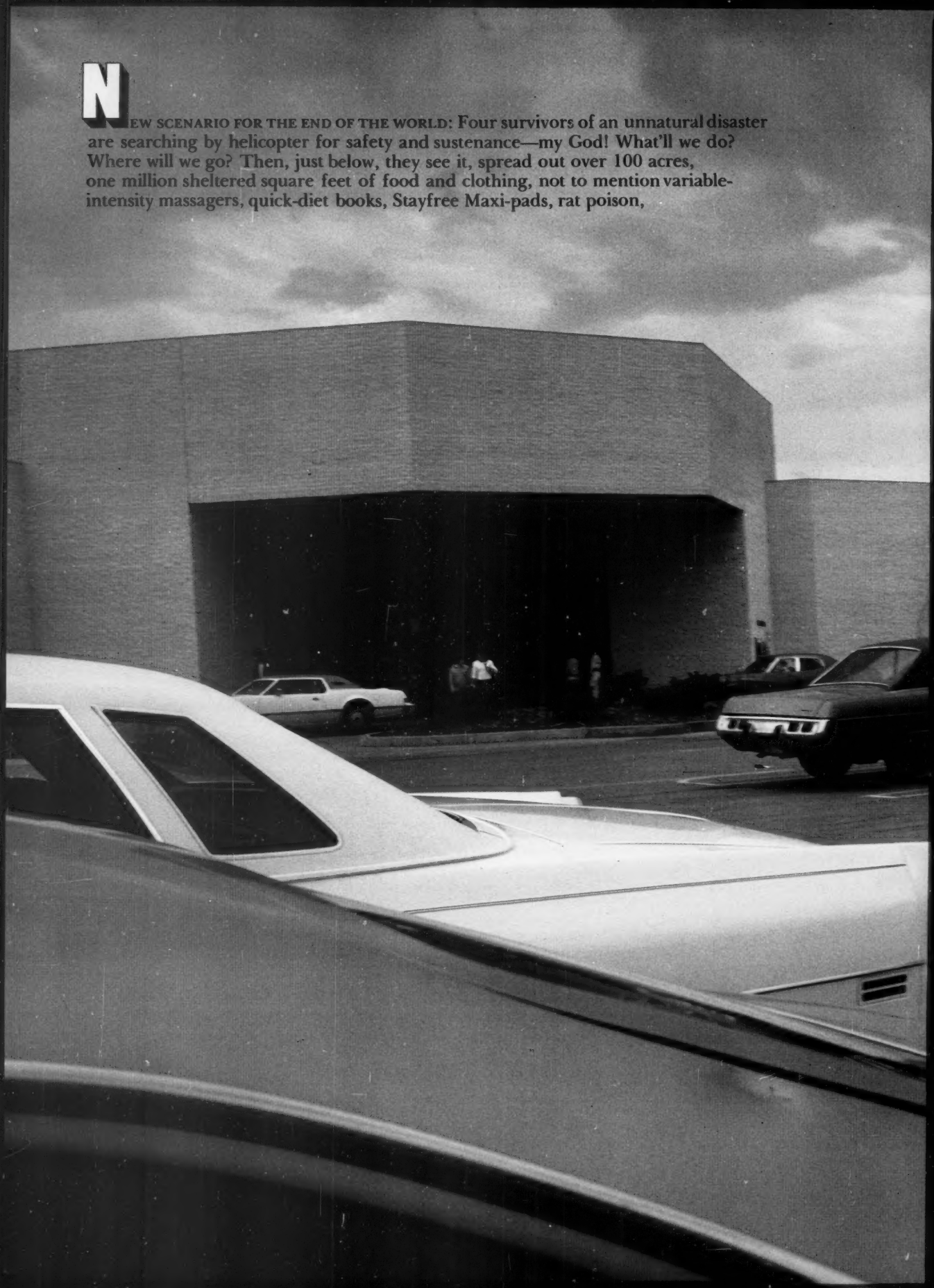
In hiring the chief, Kucinich may or may not have overlooked the fact that Hongisto, too, was a kind of populist, a cop who had crusaded for minority rights. But surely it must have escaped the mayor's memory that Hongisto was also a politician—a careless oversight resulting in a hustlers' convention in Cleveland attended by two men in a hurry.

"I'll tell you what happened," says a candid member of the mayor's administration. "We got foxed. We thought the guy was going to be a member of the team, a desk chief. In two months he's in the gossip columns, the society pages and news headlines. He's pulling people out of snowbanks, making arrests and drinking with reporters. It was unreal!"

In a phrase, the new chief was getting a lot of ink, which is precisely what Kucinich had managed to do magnificently for a decade. The competition between the two was fierce, and ultimately what Clevelanders had to look forward to was a mayor and a police chief frantically cruising the town in search of registered voters about to keel over so they could rescue them, then alert the papers.

Unfortunately, Dennis' arrest record was not quite as good as Hongisto's. The chief assisted policemen in three street arrests while Kucinich has only a single citizen's arrest to his credit. Kucinich held a former mental patient, a man just this side of catatonic, in the city clerk's office until the police came. On the other hand, Kucinich did help revive two men who suffered seizures in the street. And he administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a heart attack victim.

Finally, Hongisto dealt the crushing blow. He charged the mayor with pressuring him into doing "unethical things." A furious Kucinich agreed to



NEW SCENARIO FOR THE END OF THE WORLD: Four survivors of an unnatural disaster are searching by helicopter for safety and sustenance—my God! What'll we do? Where will we go? Then, just below, they see it, spread out over 100 acres, one million sheltered square feet of food and clothing, not to mention variable-intensity massagers, quick-diet books, Stayfree Maxi-pads, rat poison,

THE MALLING OF AMERICA

by William Severini Kowinski

Principal photography by Suzanne Opton; illustrations by Teresa Fasolino; other credits pg. 52

WILLIES
PEANUTS

hunting rifles and glittering panels of Pong and pinball, all enclosed in a single climate-controlled fortress complete with trees, fountains and neon. Safe at last! Home free! The biggest, best-equipped fallout shelter imaginable, the consumer culture's Eden, the post-urban cradle, the womb, the home, the *mall*.

Such is the premise of director George Romero's new zombie movie, the follow-up to his famous *Night of the Living Dead*. In *Dawn of the Dead*, Romero releases his ghouls in the Monroeville Mall in western Pennsylvania, but it could just as well have been... Olde Towne Mall in California with its fully enclosed amusement park rides and carnival midway-style shops; or Sarasota Square mall in Florida with its six-screen cinema; or Olde Mistick Village in Mystic, Connecticut, a whole shopping center representing a New England village circa 1720; or just plain, old Linda Vista Shopping Center in San Diego; or Towne West Square in Wichita, Kansas; or Big Town Mall in Dallas—or anyplace where stores such as Sears, Nieman-Marcus, J.C. Penney and Gimbels glare down long corridors of Slack Shacks, Thom McAns, Magic Pan Creperies, Waldenbooks and Bath Trends. These meticulously planned and brightly enclosed structures, these *ideas* conveniently located just off the great American highway, have taken the concept of one-stop shopping, as old as the ancient public market, and turned it into a virtual one-stop culture, providing a cornucopia of products nestled in an ecology of community, entertainment and societal identity.

Malls try hard to be all things to all people, and they seem to be succeeding. According to a *U.S. News & World Report* survey, Americans spend more time at shopping malls than anywhere outside their homes and jobs. You can buy anything from diamonds to yogurt in them, go to church or college, register to vote, give blood, bet, score, jog and meditate in them, and in some you can get a motel room, apartment or condominium—and live there.

They're big business, too. Something like $60 billion is tied up in American shopping centers, money invested primarily by large insurance companies such as Connecticut General and Prudential, and banks such as Citibank and Continental Illinois. Investors love shopping centers for very direct reasons: They turn enormous profits and hardly ever fail. "Everybody has figured out that a major regional shopping center has got to be one of the best investments known to man," says Lawrence R. Glenn, real estate vice-president of Citibank. Right now centers do about half ($300 billion in 1977) of all retail business and, with 80 percent of new major chain outlets going into them, this share is getting larger every day.

The mall building business has steamrollered over every obstacle in its path so far—recession, the gasoline crisis of 1974, the energy crunch of 1977, the bankruptcy of W.T. Grant Co. which left thousands of stores suddenly vacant (80 percent of them were leased to other tenants within a year), government environmental regulations, the Federal Trade Commission, the Supreme Court—everything. Though construction slowed down considerably during the 1974–75 slump, shopping centers "proved to be a magnificent and resilient asset," according to Mathias DeVito, president of the Rouse Company. Even during the recession, the Rouse centers managed to increase their profits by 11 percent. And now building is again increasing by hefty yearly percentages. Small wonder that Albert Sussman, executive vice-president of the International Council of Shopping Centers—the mall business' own trade and lobbying organization—could crow at their 1976 convention: "The shopping center business is creative, it's exciting, it's challenging. Most of all, it's profitable."

Malls are designed for Disney's children . . . There are no decisions to make— you just flow on

Has all this been passing you by? You're not alone. "Malls are a classic case of something that fills millions of people's needs but is of no interest to sociologists," says Ralph Keyes, writer and social scientist. "People who shop at Bloomingdale's and write our sociology couldn't care less." (Bloomie's itself, in fact, has joined the trend.) Richard Francaviglia, professor of geography at Antioch College, tried to read a paper that took malls seriously at the Popular Culture Association convention in Chicago. "It nearly started a riot," he said. "Quite literally, scholars were yelling back and forth at each other—and me. It was all very stimulating," he added. "But while we were arguing, 20 million people were shopping in malls and generally enjoying themselves."

So if you want to hear the Chicago Symphony, try Woodfield Mall near Schaumburg. The Dallas Symphony was at the edge of extinction before a series of successful concerts at NorthPark Shopping Center rescued it. A Roy Lichtenstein sculpture stands in the Santa Ana Fashion Park in California, which is not to denigrate the 24-foot-high statue of Sir Walter Raleigh commissioned by North Hills Fashion Mall in Raleigh, North Carolina. You can see a laser show (designed by rock impresario Bill Graham's F.M. Productions) three times a day at Old Chicago mall, and listen to the Old Towne Band in Old Towne Mall. Been wondering where Pat Paulsen has been lately? You can catch him at Maplewood Mall near Minneapolis, sharing the bill with Captain Cookie. If you're celebrity hunting in Chicago, try Watertower Place—Muhammad Ali has been seen there.

Of course, it's not all cash and culture. There's kidnapping, car theft, rape, dope—even dognapping. Terrorist bombs have ripped apart an American-style mall in South Africa. In 1972 George Wallace was gunned down in a shopping center parking lot, and five people caught bullets at a political rally for Senator Benjamin Everett Jordan the same year. But there's love too. Researching a story on women and the bar scene in Washington, D.C., writer Jean Callahan discovered that few women actually met prospective lovers in bars. They met them mostly in shopping malls. And so on, for all ages.... A Temple University study shows that malls are the most popular gathering places for teenagers in America. So for the noisy rites of pubescence, for old friends sharing a mall bench quietly, for the mainstream middle-class middle-aged middle Americans, Ralph Keyes says it directly in his book *We, The Lonely People*: "Malls aren't part of the community. They are the community."

William Severini Kowinski is a former editor of the Boston Phoenix *and the late, lamented* Newsworks, *a weekly newspaper in Washington, D.C. He is now writing a novel in western Pennsylvania.*

Tom Walker, business editor of the *Atlanta Journal*, sums it up just a little differently: "If you had to pick one thing that would typify civilization in the United States in the twentieth century, a front-running candidate would be the suburban shopping mall." Hypnotists and jugglers, disco dancing classes, romance, intrigue and disaster—they've got it all, along with quite a bit of money and quite a bit of the landscape. Almost imperceptibly, the culture of the highway has coalesced in these climate-controlled bubbles. . . . The malling of America is happening now.

Part I NEIGHBORS IN NEVER-NEVER LAND

" . . . to be an American . . . is precisely to *imagine* a destiny rather than to inherit one; since we have always been, insofar as we are American at all, inhabitants of myth rather than history."
Leslie Fiedler, "Cross the Border, Close the Gap"

"No problem is insoluble given a large enough plastic bag." Tom Stoppard, *Jumpers*

WALTER JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL in Bethesda, Maryland, was once in the middle of what was, literally, a cow pasture. There were cow pastures all around it; the team mascot was "Mighty Moo." But when Marcia was in ninth grade, that suddenly changed. And so did everything else.

Because up the hill from the school the Montgomery Mall appeared. A big two-level shopping mall, with four major department stores and the full lineup of other shops—the usual suburban bread-and-butter mall built in its time, about 10 years ago. Nothing outrageous or spectacular . . . but suddenly the students at Walter Johnson could not remember what they did on Saturday afternoon besides call each other up around 1:00 p.m. to ask, "Going to the mall?"

The girls would go shopping at Garfinckel's and Hechts and the ladies' specialty and shoe stores for their school outfits and casual clothes, and then the boys would show up at around 3:00 and everybody would walk around. Sometimes they'd meet in Bresler's 33 Flavors for ice cream, giggles, gossip and even to share some of those transcendent adolescent moments when they tried to figure out parents, teachers and God (if any).

Montgomery Mall soon became an intimate and almost institutional part of Walter Johnson High and the focus of Marcia's suburban *American Graffiti* years. Her senior prom and Christmas dance (the Snow Ball) were held in the mall. She spent many of her "open campus" free periods there, having a chef's salad in the afternoon with a friend or just walking around. The mall capitalized on the school as well. When its fountain filled up with the pennies people tossed in for luck, the mall drew crowds to watch Walter Johnson's head cheerleader and drum majorette wade into the water in bikinis and sweep up the coins.

The mall was such a part of Marcia's world that a poem in the 1970 yearbook elegized it along with the rest of the evening landscape:

It's getting late.
The sun collapsed behind Montgomery Mall hours ago.
These halls are empty tunnels interrupted by piles of dust left by previous life.

The difference Montgomery Mall made in Marcia's world isn't unique. There are nearly 18,000 shopping plazas in America. Most are small neighborhood and open strip centers—just lines of stores strung out with nothing more in common than a large parking lot. But about 1,000 are as big or bigger than Montgomery Mall, and a few hundred are huge, some taking up more than 1 million square feet of store space in a vast landscape that includes parking lots, access roads, prefab landscaping and frequently much more.

In the suburbs, malls have been largely unchallenged as social centers—there simply has been no competition. The suburban landscape as it evolved since World War II, with the assistance of FHA housing loans, federal and state highway programs and a boom in subdivisions and housing "plans," became simply houses and space. The suburbs happened so fast that few foresaw they would become anything but bedroom adjuncts to cities.

But children had to go to school, housewives needed places to shop, and everyone needed some common ground. The malls filled these gaps and fulfilled these needs. In 1973, the Camden County Economic Development Committee evaluated the influence of Cherry Hill Mall, which opened in 1961 in New Jersey. The report concluded that Cherry Hill "revolutionized the retail structure of Camden County. . . . Shopping patterns dramatically changed for thousands." Beyond the business aspect, the report found that Cherry Hill and the other malls that have opened there since "are recognized, too, as more than shopping centers. Their generous contribution of space and facilities have added new dimensions to communal life. They're truly the main street of suburbia."

Mall visionaries understood that their space would be the great common area in suburbs otherwise designed for the privacy of single-family dwellings and the convenience of cars, and they welcomed the opportunity to provide that space. In 1960 pioneer mall designer Victor Gruen wrote that malls "can provide the need, place and opportunity for participation in modern community life that the ancient Greek Agora, the medieval market place, and our own town squares provided in the past."

But that is hardly the whole story. To understand how and how well the mall phenomenon touches new American longings, soothes new fears and satisfies new needs, it is necessary to look at the mall more closely: as a structure, a concept, a medium of magic, safety and myth. See the mall after sunset, when it is empty. See it at night.

From the road, malls don't look like much. In the high bare lights, just long stone mausoleums in a wilderness of asphalt. Inside they are movie soundstages on down-time—still possessing potential magic, like sets for an unknown illusion yet to be performed.

This is Greengate Mall in western Pennsylvania, some miles east of the mall where George Romero is filming, at the end of the day. Only McSorley's bar is open. Young management types are drinking and discussing business; if they linger they may talk about merchandising strategy or sex. Before the evening's over, some of McSorley's more loaded customers may even honor the tradition of sliding down the railing of the dormant escalator.

Walking around now and looking at the mall without the animation of people, you see and sense . . . possibility. The white liquidity of light that suffuses it, the areas of relative darkness. The central court. The fountain and the stairs. The balcony effect from the railing on a landing. The aisles and escalators, the now-bracketed store facades, the live greenery. Inside, at night, you understand what is here: protected space. Removed, enclosed, intelligible yet not fully formulated. The potential is enormous and striking.

Outdoor strip shopping centers were built as early as the 1920s in California and became common elsewhere by the late fifties. The big department store owners, realizing that people wanted to shop nearer their homes, next added their bulk and muscle to the shopping center idea. Then designers came up with two major innovations: the two-level mall (introduced by the Rouse Company in Baltimore), which seemed to halve the psychological distance shoppers had to walk, and the most important stroke—the fully enclosed, temperature-controlled mall, the first of which was Southdale Center, built near Minneapolis in 1956 by Victor Gruen Associates for the Dayton Hudson Company.

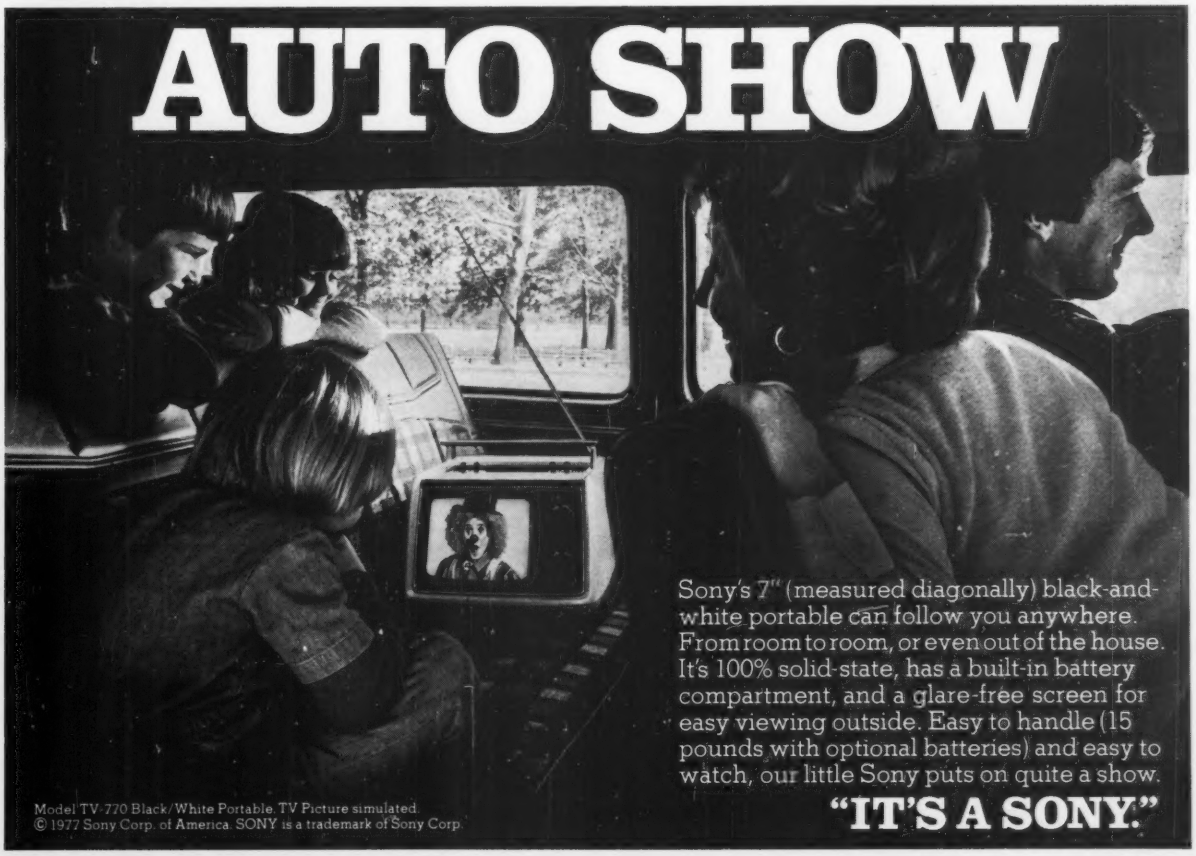
Gruen enclosed Southdale because of the extremes of Minnesota weather, but the effect was so dramatic that it revolutionized shopping centers everywhere. The malls that followed, even in the sunny climes of Florida and California, were also enclosed. Paul E. Leyton, vice-president of operations of May Stores shopping centers, explains why: "We discovered that the enclosed mall changed the concept. The idea of having an enclosed mall doesn't relate to weather alone. People go to spend time there—they're equally as interested in eating and browsing as in shopping. So now we build only enclosed malls."

When the centers stopped stretching out in a line and "circled up" to form a protected enclosure, they took a profoundly different attitude toward the highways and cars that made them possible in the first place. No longer open to the road as a sustaining environment and especially as a style—freewheeling, frequently vulgar and above all uncontrollable—the shopping malls turned in on themselves to shut out the noise, dirt and danger of cars, as well as the intrusions of the highway, creating inner-directed environments divorced as much as possible from the world outside. Designing for that—the closing off of the outside world and the orchestration of what goes into this protected environment—is the art and science of malls.

In his study "Main Street USA" (the one that triggered the wild reaction at the Popular Culture Association convention), Richard Francaviglia develops a design analysis to show two things: first, that the man who initially built the perfect small town, though it never in fact existed outside his amusement parks, was named Walt Disney. And second, that where Disney left off, the mall builders took over.

Francaviglia demonstrates that by manipulating design elements such as scale and sight-lines, and by mixing the most attractive features of both small towns and cities while leaving out all the bad stuff ("pool halls, bars, second-hand stores, and the kind of people who patronize them"), Disney created a pleasant and aesthetically successful image of what a small town should be. Shopping malls simply took this concept out of Disneyland and gave it to millions just a few automobile-minutes from their homes.

Francaviglia also talks about Disney scaling down the size of his Main Street shops so they would look nostalgically small to adults and uncommonly inviting to kids. Malls are designed for Disney's children. Stores are pressed close together; they have small, low facades. In fact, everything about malls is minimized. Designers go berserk trying to make sure people don't have to walk more than a few hundred feet from their cars to the center. The mall is laid out with few corners and no unused space along store row so that there are no decisions to make—you just flow on.


AUTO SHOW
Sony's 7" (measured diagonally) black-and-white portable can follow you anywhere. From room to room, or even out of the house. It's 100% solid-state, has a built-in battery compartment, and a glare-free screen for easy viewing outside. Easy to handle (15 pounds with optional batteries) and easy to watch, our little Sony puts on quite a show.
"IT'S A SONY."
Model TV-770 Black/White Portable. TV Picture simulated.
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"No matter what it's doing outside, it's always the same in here—I don't even know whether it's raining or what"

Enclosure gives the illusion of safety. There is no buffeting wind, no traffic to dodge. The rest of the world may be comprised of spaces too large to feel safe in, too dirty or weird to walk in, or else of enclosures too small to stroll in—school, work place, home. But the mall is a comfortably sized space—danger is kept out, decisions are designed out, the scale is manageable. All the fearful things about the marketplace are minimized. Malls seem to be made for future-shocked agoraphobes.

Mall space isn't just created: It is controlled. Unlike cities or towns, malls have nearly absolute control over which stores to have. Their owners are landlords and the stores are tenants. Stores are usually so eager to be in a mall that they not only pay high rents but "overage rents" (a percentage of their profits over a certain figure), "common area" charges to maintain the mall, and sometimes extra charges to have their own store maintained. And they have to abide by the mall's rules.

At Greengate, for instance, the initial design of all stores—including storefronts, colors and the store logo—all have to be approved by the developer and owner, the Rouse Company, seventh largest mall developer in the country. This is standard throughout much of the industry; a developer has been known to change the name of a store, even an established chain outlet, to make it comply with policy.

Harry Overly is Greengate's manager, and part of his job is enforcing the rules. Stores are required to open no later than 10:00 a.m. and close no earlier than 9:30 p.m., because the mall must be absolutely and uniformly dependable. Harry's security people keep a black book on those who violate this rule by even a minute. Stores are required to keep themselves looking new—not to mention clean—even if it means major overhauls, because, as Harry says, "We don't want a store that looks old."

A management trainee who has worked at several other malls says Overly is a good manager because he's tough and he sees everything. When rules aren't enforced and the manager isn't on top of things, the mall becomes chaotic and demoralized. Of course, some people smile at Overly's fanaticism about hand-lettered signs (which are absolutely forbidden for any purpose) and his disapproval of his employees having affairs with each other (even after, the story goes, two of them got married before he realized they'd been dating). But Overly, in fact, is not as strict as some mall managers. Take Al Taubman of the Taubman Company, builder of Woodfield Mall, who has singlehandedly developed more shopping center space than anyone else. There's a famous industry story to the effect that "Big Al" was showing some celebs around one of his mammoth malls when he chanced to slip on some ice cream that had glopped onto the terrazzo tile. He fell on his ass. The fuming Taubman ordered a chemical analysis of the ice cream to discover where the cone had come from, and then threw the offending vendor out of his mall. For good measure he also stopped everybody else from selling food that could be carried around and maybe spilled on his floor.

THE TOTAL POWER OF THE MALL OWNER, even when civil liberties are involved, has been upheld by the courts. There are some antitrust limitations, some restraints of trade litigations that malls have lost, but according to the Supreme Court, malls can keep out those who threaten—particularly pickets and pamphleteers—to disturb the fantasy world inside. The issue has been whether malls are public community areas under law as well as in promotional literature. At first, it seemed that malls were legally what they aspired to be socially. A 1969 California Superior Court decision stated that ". . . in many instances the contemporary shopping center serves as the analogue of the traditional town square." This decision (in favor of antipollution petitioners in a San Bernadino mall) followed the Warren Court's decision to uphold a union's right to picket a store even inside a mall. Both decisions harkened back to a 1940s Supreme Court case on company towns that said in effect: If a place looks and acts like a town, it is a town, whether or not it is privately owned.

But when war protesters entered an Oregon mall in 1972, the Burger Court decided that the mall doesn't lose its private character "merely because the public is generally invited to use it for designated purposes" and ruled against the protesters, 5 to 4. The Court went that way again in a 1976 ruling against another labor union, despite the dissenting argument by Justices Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan that "shopping center owners have assumed . . . the traditional role of the state in [their] control of historical First Amendment forums."

Mall owners aren't shy about exercising their exclusionary power because they simply do not want anything to interfere with the shopper's freedom to "not be bothered" and to "have fun," as some mall officials put it. "Nothing gets in here unless we let it in," says the manager of Westmoreland Mall, a few miles east of Greengate. Tysons Corner and other Lerner Company malls in the Washington area post quite explicit notices on their doors: "Areas in Tysons Corner Center used by the public are not public ways, but are for the use of the tenants and the public transacting business with them. Permission to use said areas may be revoked at any time."

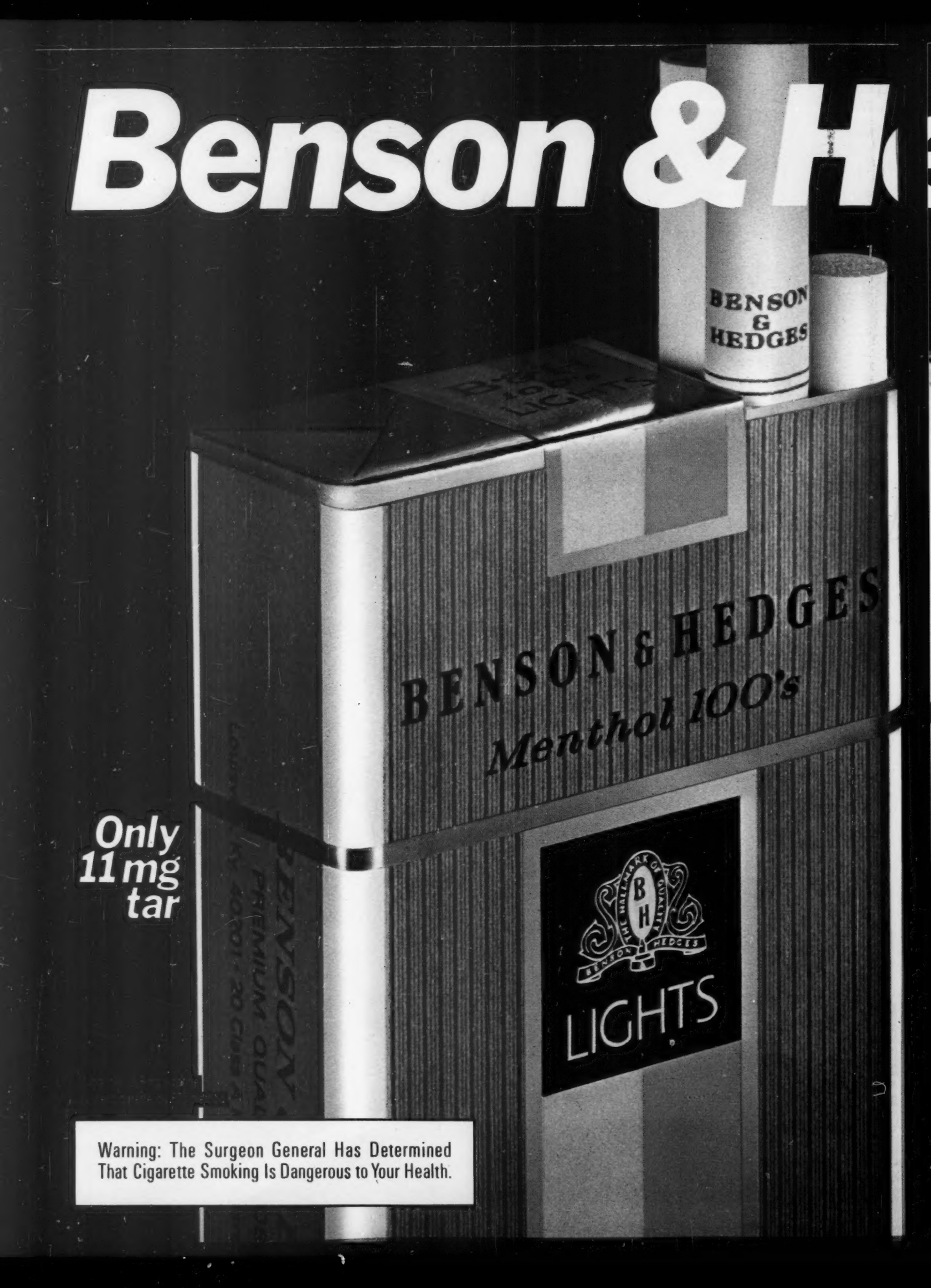
The success of enclosure has to do with things other than keeping out the weather—but it has something to do with that, too. "I like it because no matter what it's doing outside, it's always the same in here—I don't even know whether it's raining or what," says a young employee at Westmoreland Mall. "It's better for looking at girls, too," his friend adds. "They aren't all bundled up in coats and stuff, even in the winter." The absence of weather in malls is a selling point. In a newspaper sent to consumers by Tamarac Square mall in Denver, there is a cute but pointed weather forecast: "Skies over Tamarac Square's enclosed street scene continued irrelevant through the weekend. Temperatures remained consistent, though thunder was heard through the skylights on at least one occasion. No indoor tornadoes were predicted. Forecast: consistently pleasant."

By keeping weather out and keeping itself always in the

G-whiz: Top left, the Gallery in Philadelphia; top right, Greengate in western Pennsylvania (outside Greensburg); and bottom, the Galleria in Houston

Gimbels

LIGHTING & ACCESSORIES by denhome
JOHN SIMMONS
EXT DOOR
Town & Country Shoes
LEOPOLD PRICE & ROLLE
FLORSHEIM SHOES


Benson & H
BENSON & HEDGES
BENSON & HEDGES
Menthol 100's
Only 11 mg tar
LIGHTS
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

edges Lights

"B&H, I like your style."

BENSON & HEDGES
100's

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY
BENSON & HEDGES
B H
LIGHTS

HEDGES
TY TOBACCOS
Filter Cigarettes • Made in U.S.A.

Seven & Seven. Adds up to great taste.

Only smooth, consistent Seagram's 7 can make a real 7 & 7. Start with 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 and add 7 Up. Over ice in a tall glass, it's unbeatable.

Seagram's 7 Crown

Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

present—if not in the future—a mall aspires to create timeless space. Removed from everything else and existing in a world of its own, a mall is also placeless space. And the beauty of the form is that this space can be filled with all kinds of fine-tuned fantasies. Malls can host the ideal image of the small-town street or embody nostalgic themes—an anesthetized version of early America is particularly popular in the Northeast. Or they can create new hybrids with elements otherwise found in amusement parks, public markets, sports arenas and symphony halls—encased in structures that partake of the opulence of grand hotels, European city plazas and the great American railroad stations. (Not surprisingly, malls on the West Coast are the most ebulliently rococo, while the Midwest leans toward a kind of mall classicism and the Sunbelt goes for glassy elegance.)

The mall is simply such an elastic form that virtually anything can be packaged and included, as long as it contributes to the basic consumer fantasy: shopping as entertainment. It's fabulous: controlled as a unit in leasing and operation, politically sealed off from the community to the degree the mall owner wishes, protected from the external environment. The mall is a never-never land, a huge plastic bag in which all the proper factors can be arranged to summon up the right consumer myths so that the mall becomes an absolutely vital part of the lives and lifestyle of the Me People, wherever they may be.

The quality of fantasy is sometimes pushed to the edge of surrealism; even at quiet moments the mall may produce scenes seemingly lifted from paintings by de Chirico or Magritte. This feeling can be better appreciated at some hours than others.

For instance, at a mall called Fashion Island in Newport Beach, California, shortly before sunset. . . . The sun is hanging brightly just above the parking lot in the middle of Newport Center, a planned community of which this mall is

The panels and the lights in the dark, the starry fantasy depths where stoned young minds burn on and occasionally nova

the epicenter, the temple. A soft yellow light bathes the white sandstone of the high entrance columns as well-dressed ladies in their soft "neutral-look" separates, clinging short-sleeve sweaters and high-heeled sandals jog neatly up the stone steps. Off to one side maintenance men in their sea-green jump suits and black loafers check the immaculate trees and shrubs. Off to the other, a series of bell-like objects rises several stories up, like some giant wind chimes. But they make no sound; it is very quiet here. The whole place is so perfect that it's eerie. But why, with all this quiescent concrete, does it feel so . . . unreal? And then it dawns on me: Fashion Island is a three-dimensional, life-size Artist's Conception. One of those flawless sketches or scale models that buildings themselves never quite turn out to be . . . except here.

Part II BREAD AND CIRCUSES

"The concept of satiation has very little standing in economics. It is neither useful nor scientific to speculate on the comparative cravings of the stomach and the mind."

John Kenneth Galbraith, *The Affluent Society*

**"Especially give action its full share!
They come to gaze and they prefer to stare."**

Goethe, *Faust:* "Prologue in the Theatre"

ALTE FAUST, PROMOTIONAL DIRECTOR for Tysons Corner Center mall in Virginia, personally dyed baby elephants pink for Tysons' Christmas parade. Her job, she said, is "show business." No kidding. Rock-a-thons for crippled children, a Ben Franklin Birthday Kite-Flying Competition, "Trace your Scandinavian Roots!" displays, bluegrass jamborees—malls use every trick and "community- service" event from Bozos to blood banks to bring the folks in.

These promotions, of course, become part of the major cultural rites, particularly Christmas, the really big one for retailing when almost $75 billion goes into those *bleep-blip-blip-bleep* computerized cash registers in one month. In 1977 major retail chains reported sales earnings 10 to 20 percent higher than those of December 1976. So they deck the halls of Maplewood Mall in Minneapolis with pink angels hanging from the ceiling around spinning ice cream cones; they bring on the Los Angeles Premier Chorale Strolling Christmas Medieval Feast Ceremony in Costume at the Promenade mall in California; and Santa arrives at thousands of shopping centers in motorized sleighs, firetrucks, helicopters . . . In the days of open strip centers he sometimes dropped from an airplane, until the time an elf who preceded him got squished on the asphalt when his little chute didn't open and Santa refused to jump, or so the mall myth goes.

Sometimes the promotions are entirely manufactured—for instance the parades, strutting majorettes, band blaring and the excited kids banging on the edge of the stage, all for the arrival of Mickey Mouse at Greengate Mall. There's a psychology behind all this, a way that these events fit into an overall plan.

But look around now that the customers have been brought in and the mall is filled. It's Saturday afternoon and here they are: parents with clutches of kids; the couples on shopping dates—the girls in corduroy gaucho skirts, harness-style boots and acrylic knit sweater-coats, poised and smiling, and their sleepy-eyed jockish boyfriends, shrugged into jeans and school insignia nylon taffeta warm-up jackets; the blimpy middle-aged women munching yogurt cones; the red-faced middle-aged men wearing company logo baseball caps; the roving gangs of teenage girls with identical Farrah Fawcett hairdos in every imaginable shade of blond, brown and red. They're all moving brightly through the big bazaar, fingering and considering and slapping down the plastic that makes the *bleep-blip-blip-bleep* cash registers sing, for all those electric woks, Telstar Arcade micro processors, Watta Pizzaria electric pizza makers, Marie Osmond fashion dolls, tube sox, smoke detectors, leisure slippers, wicker-look bench hampers, sherpa-lined trailblazers, Star Wars digital wristwatches and ceramic jars holding Aramis Muscle Soothing Soak with the inscription, "Life is a joy and all things show it/I thought so once but now I know it!" (Only $22.00, soak included.)

Do not think this is all happening accidentally. Once the enclosure, the mall form, exists, it has to be filled with the right fantasy, the correct combination of stores for the particular mall serving a particular area— the right mix of stuff in the stores and fun and games on the floor, the right overall atmosphere to lure people, keep them in the mall as long as possible, and keep them coming back. There are a lot of elements in the making of a successful mall, and this is one of them: the right combination of bread and circuses.

The mall business has countless developers, but there are 50 companies that predominate, owning and managing from 3 million to 40 million square feet of leased space each. Many of the largest developers are men who pioneered the field, the Henry Fords and Andrew Carnegies of shopping centers, men like Al Taubman, Edward DeBartolo and James Rouse. But there are also plenty of faceless conglomerates. Some of the financial arrangements among investors, developers and managers of malls can get quite complicated, resulting in corporate monikers such as Cal-American Income Property Fund IV, the company that runs Century City in Los Angeles.

Meet Harry Overly, Greengate's manager: You will never find a "gone fishin'" sign hanging from one of *his* stores

In 25 years, in fact, the mall business has evolved from an aggressive seat-of-the-pants operation to an aggressive and very complex industry. It has its own publications (*Shopping Center World, Chain Store Age Executive, National Mall Monitor* among them), and its own trade association, the International Council of Shopping Centers, with a budget of over $1 million a year, runs a yearly "college" on mall developing and lobbies for the industry.

The first step in a successful mall is site selection. That used to be the easy part—Edward DeBartolo, the Ohio developer who recently opened Randall Park, a virtual city among shopping centers, once searched out his locations from a Learjet. Now it's not so easy, and major developers carefully weigh the demographics, growth potential and political situation of a proposed site as well as its physical attributes and proximity to highways.

Land acquisition means dealing with government, which also means meeting environmental requirements on all levels. Developers complain most loudly about this—all the red tape involved in satisfying as many as 65 separate agencies. They like to point to a California mall that had to go through 140 public hearings before being approved. It used to take one to three years to get a big mall past the planning stage; now it takes at least four to six.

Besides site selection and physical design, there is the crucial matter of finding the right tenants. This is the art of leasing—renting to the right stores that together adjust the balance of bread and circuses to achieve the perfect synergism. As industry spokesman Albert Sussman says, "We have learned that there is no substitute for leasing to the right mix of tenants. . . . The strength of a shopping center derives from the symbiotic relationship of all the stores within the center."

It took some time to discover the precise mix for the regional shopping mall. For a while the major department stores, indispensable to the mall to such an extent that their influence has increased rather than waned over the years, often insisted that they be the only big stores in their given malls, until it became clear that not only was there enough business to go around but that the more big-store power there was to draw people in, the more everybody in the center would profit.

Regional malls also used to have supermarkets—literally bread, as many as two in a center—but now few enclosed malls have any. Part of the reason is that the shopping pattern of supermarkets is different. People move in and out of them quickly, whereas they are supposed to linger in a mall. So take-home groceries continue to be sold in strip centers. Now virtually all the food the regional mall sells is eaten on the premises: Bread has become part of the circus . . . *Let them eat pizza.*

Of course the mall itself—not just the promotional stunts, but the whole mall—is the real circus. To the basic environment, add the products themselves and the atmosphere—right down to the Muzak, the accompanying soundtrack in the consumer movie. In the mall halls, it is gentle and bright, a stroller's smiling companion. In the stores it is more specific and stimulating, from Vivaldi in the bookstores to Linda Ronstadt in the jeans and tops stores to Steve Miller in the fashion shops.

Developers can fine-tune their malls through design, tenant selection and atmosphere to cater to the characteristics of a special area—to provide its particular fantasy. The Rouse Company has done this with Faneuil Hall in Boston, and in the process changed the whole downtown. Housed in restored and remodeled buildings first constructed in 1826 on the site of Boston's colonial marketplace, the Quincy, North and South Markets as redone by Rouse now encase a prime selection of small shops and eating places in a contemporary suburban mall framework. The Faneuil Hall project includes some living reminders of the old market place in the area around it, where arts and crafts are sold along with fresh fruit and vegetables in uniform carts and stands rented from Rouse.

Faneuil appeals to Boston's preservationist sense, and its success has helped revive long-dormant city pride. It also caters to Boston's tastes—the low-cal cosmopolitanism and casual consumption of its high-income, highly educated classes. Rouse's gamble has been spectacularly successful, earning $300 a square foot in its first year, which is about three times the usual mall standard. In their respective first years of operation, Faneuil drew more visitors than Walt Disney World. Because of the new market, there are crowds on Boston's waterfront again. Suburbanites are there shoulder to shoulder on weekends. Nearby Government Center is virtually deserted at workday lunchtimes—employees from the city, state and federal offices are down at Quincy Market, eating croissants from Au Bon Pain, opulent salads, fried bread, souvlaki sandwiches, prosciutto on bulkie rolls, scallops at the raw bar, ice cream sundaes with "real

whipped cream"! Its cafe, Cityside, has become the in-spot even when the rest of the market is closed. It's the perfect new Bo ton fantasy—an enclosed Paris of yesterday, inside the genteel shell of Boston's feisty past. Standing in the courtyard sunshine, a young man in Icelandic coat, jeans and new Frye boots, who was splitting French bread and Perrier with a companion in expensive casual clothes, stared back at the Faneuil Hall marketplace in blank wonder. "I can't believe it," he said. "It's like another world."

MALLS ARE MALLEABLE—able and willing to stretch and contour to the characteristic needs and whims, the particular predilections of the areas they inhabit. What worked for Boston—a stylish but understated townishness—might have bombed in the capital. There, the new Neiman-Marcus Mazza Gallerie is taking the measure of Washington, D.C.'s new-money ambitions by applying Texas-brand conspicuous consumption to the city's craving for high-fashion.

Neiman's building, inserted among Washington's most exclusive stores, is a severe structure of white Italian marble, not unlike what a modern presidential monument on the scale of Lincoln or Jefferson might look like. It opened last winter with a typical Washington event—a black tie celebrity gala, with fund raising for the arts as the excuse for dressing up, and for the private pawing of Neiman's pavé diamond-faced watches, cabochon rubies, mulberry silk dinner dresses, brown velvet evening suits and lambskin patchpocket blazers. The rest of the mall wasn't finished as Neiman's opening was being prepared (a copy of the *Social List of Washington 1978* lying on the promotion director's desk amidst sandwiches and ad proofs, Texas-accented pep talks to salespeople about how the whole idea is get *the very best* clientele of Washington). But even then a panel truck was parked outside the embryonic mall. It was from Muzak.

Neiman-Marcus' isn't the only high-fashion mall in Washington—Bloomie's has two stores in suburban malls including the largest, White Flint, and there is even a theme-fashion mall at the end of the brand-new subway line, called Crystal Underground Shopping Center. These malls are for the people who agree with the laconically polite pants-suited woman I met at the opening of a new store (Bed 'n Bath) at Crystal City. We were talking for a moment about Tysons Corner, the suburban Virginia mall that used to be considered the most impressive in the area. "It's all right, I suppose," she said. "But it smells like hot dogs."

Of course, fine-tuning to that degree is possible and even necessary for places that have such definable characteristics as Boston and Washington, but for most suburban and small town locations, a less glamorous fantasy is sufficient to be profitable. The basic mall's success depends on playing to the new middle-American lifestyle—a phenomenon that suggests every sociological insight and cliché from the affluent society to the Me Decade, which Henri Lefebvre sums up in his book *Everyday Life in the Modern World*: "It is the transition from a culture based on the curbing of desires, thriftiness and the necessity of eking out goods in short supply to a new culture resulting from production and consumption at their highest ebb, but against a background of general crisis."

Customers come to malls from every possible place, walk of life, economic bracket. But if malls have a mind set, a spiritual epicenter, it's not the city, the suburb or rural America, but out *there*, in between, just off the highway, where you find all the new Naugahyde and hanging-plant bars, with fancily named and priced drinks, foreign beers, wines and goods which 10 years ago were the exclusive preserve of big city life. Easy and quick isn't enough any more; the Highway Comfort Culture has gone beyond hamburgers and wash 'n' wear to a veneer of sophistication. It's Lobster and Löwenbräu, even though the lobster is microwaved and the beer is made in Texas. The stores and restaurants have dressed up their interiors with motifs that suggest haute cuisine and high fashion, while trying to keep the same streamlined delivery system as McDonald's. In retrospect, it seems inevitable that these highway stops would draw together and unite under one roof, the one-stop oasis of splendor, the mall.

These alien forms, with their magnetic power to attract customers and retailers from everywhere, are rearranging the landscape

Along with the rest of the highway culture, malls have responded to the Me Decade and helped bring it to the heartland. A recent industry survey among customers turned up 10 reasons—besides the wish to buy something—why people frequent malls. They ranged from self-gratification to learning about new trends to sensory stimulation and role playing. It is part of the trick of good mall management to understand and manipulate these motivations correctly, and in particular to understand which people want to play what roles. Greengate, for instance, situated in the heart of an oleo-and-white-bread area like Westmoreland County in western Pennsylvania, is a family-oriented mall, with Penney, Montgomery Ward and a five-and-ten dominating the no-frills box like building. Only five miles away as the highway measures, but considerably more in psychic space, is Westmoreland Mall. About the same size as Greengate but opened last year, Westmoreland is trying to appeal to peo-

The mall as monolith: "It's like we moved downtown without having to move," said one neighbor when White Flint moved into suburban Maryland

ple who identify with disco, *Cosmo* and high fashion by mixing a lot of specialty shops, jeans-and-tops stores and eating places. Sensible people like Grandpa Walton and Florence Henderson would shop at Greengate, but Westmoreland is trying to inspire the Margaux Hemingway and John Travolta in its customers.

Promotion becomes an extension of the styles reflected in tenant mix and mall image. You are more likely to run into Mickey Mouse at Greengate (or Columbia Plaza mall in Maryland and the Dayton Hudson Minneapolis malls) because the sensible family mall wants to attract kids with paying parents. Westmoreland's promotions are more apt to be skin-care lectures; in the extremely high-fashion malls like the Mazza Gallerie in Washington, D.C., you get personal appearances by Diane von Furstenberg and Bill Blass. They are specialized circuses to sell specific brands of bread.

The line between promotion and product is often a very fine one, which is really the whole point of the mall's appeal. By adjusting their emphasis to their clientele (without going overboard, of course: Greengate has fashionable stores and Westmoreland, to be safe, has Sears), malls create a seamless system for their customers to buy whole—physically, conceptually, socially. It's an endless circus because everyone's having fun, and it's all bread because somehow it sustains them.

Part III DAWN OF THE DREAD?

"At this point an event of such glamor and such radiance occurred that you forgot the name all over again. It could be compared to arriving in an unknown city at night, intoxicated by the strange lighting and the ambiguities of the streets.... At once the weight of the other years and above all the weight of distinguishing among them slipped away. You found yourself not wanting to care."

John Ashbery, *Three Poems*

IT HITS YOU, Barbara said, when you're standing there naked, looking in the mirror of the dressing room. Your clothes are in a pile on the floor or draped over a chair. Maybe it's just a little cubicle with a curtain behind you, and you can still hear the other shoppers and the Muzak. You're about to try on something which you'll have to judge, make decisions about. Then you'll have to take it off and put your own stuff back on. This is about the first thing that's taken any real effort on your part since you came to the mall. And then you realize—*you've been here all day.* Time has in fact been passing while you've been gliding through store after store in a hum of soft lights and soft music, the splash of fountains, the people, but almost no intrusive sound, no one calling to you, nothing to dodge or particularly to look for, just a visual parade of clothes, fabric tags and washing instructions. Prices, displays, cosmetics, books, records. Nice colors. An ice cream cone. All the faces, the customers, are walking models of the mall's products, or just walking models of the weird. Whatever you actually came here for is in the distant past. You've been floating... for hours.

So what does this remind you of? How about *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*?—people made mindless and happy by certain seed pods from outer space—a great black-and-white film of the fifties, with Kevin McCarthy, soon to be updated with Leonard Nimoy. The malls don't have to be invaded by zombies: They grow their own.

BARBARA CAME DOWN FROM MINNEAPOLIS, where she teaches high school, to guide me through the Chicago area malls and then drive back with me to the Twin Cities, to look at even more malls in the broad Midwestern landscape. It was a journey across terrain as surely and easily invaded by the shopping mall as time and space is obliterated inside one.

We hit the highway on a cold November day. "Chicagoland," as local radio stations call it, is considered a living mall laboratory because many different kinds were first tried out here.

We started with Oakbrook Shopping Center, opened in 1962 and now ancient by mall standards, a model semi-enclosed mall that's a prototype for Southern California's Century City and Fashion Island. Further out we stopped at Fox Valley Center, a new "advanced design" rural-look mall, which the assistant security chief told us was becoming very popular because customers were escaping from the traffic congestion and crime of the older malls.

At this point in my travels I had seen over a dozen malls of various shapes and sizes. Even the anomalies of Fox Valley—diagonal walkways, burnt-orange sofas and a great deal of wood, a combination of horse country and Flash Gordon—could no longer faze me. Like the people at Devil's Tower after the first saucers swooped by in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, I thought I'd seen the whole show... until we walked into Woodfield: the Mothership.

I stopped just inside the upper level entrance, stunned by the sound. The sound of people—many, many people; a constant background roar like the ocean, like the hum left over from the universe's big band. Over a quarter of a million people had come here in one day. You could see them everywhere, flowing across the criss-crossing concourses and down the aisles, from this end of the mall to the blue Sears sign at the other, far in the distance. The floor vibrated with their movement.

Downstairs they flooded by: a moving chaos of kids, suburbanites and the most amazing variety of ethnic, racial and social groups I've ever seen in one place outside New York, or maybe San Francisco—Indians, Hispanics, a Japanese family loaded with cameras and smiles, a black dude in elegant fur, dwarfs, low-lifers, a woman sobbing, jeweled matrons, a whole group of incredibly fat people, beautiful Asiatic girls... Where did they come from? The nearest town is Schaumburg, not exactly an international melting pot. Not even Chicago ... And why are they *here*? Barbara pointed out that comparatively few were carrying packages. Woodfield is not just a shopping space. It is an event.

THE INVASION CONTINUES APACE—these strange objects dropped on the landscape like H. G. Wells' Martian cylinders in *War of the Worlds*. While not yet back up to the pre-recession building levels of 1971–74, shopping center construction is increasing again—up 14 percent last year and expected to jump another 35 percent by 1979. Industry figures project 140 million more square feet of leasable space by then—and untold acres of surrounding development—with 75 percent of it slated for the suburbs.

For it's not just the malls—other strange structures follow them. We saw them again and again in Illinois, sitting in open fields unconnected to anything else, as if they'd just landed: big anonymous buildings that could be anything from schools to power plants, but usually were offices and motels, accompanied by colorful satellites with golden arches and red and white buckets. They appear near malls.

They are still coming. They are being invited. We saw large signs in cultivated cornfields on the way to Fox Valley:

OMNI'S ARMY.

The new Dodge Omni. People just seem to like it. Because Omni tries so hard to please. With a 99.2-inch wheelbase. A 1.7 litre overhead cam engine. And a likeable base sticker price of only $3706,* including standard features like an AM radio, vinyl body side moldings, and white sidewall tires.

The Omni shown below with a number of stylish additions has a sticker price of just $3981.*

$3901.* (PRICE OF CAR AS SHOWN)
$3706.* (BASE STICKER PRICE)

MOTOR TREND CAR OF THE YEAR

Even big people like Omni. For example, the four weekend hackers you see here. All four of their golf bags fit in a covered compartment behind the rear seat. If this were a twosome, that rear seat could be folded down giving 35.8 cubic feet of space. Enough to handle their bags and a couple of carts. Omni's built here in America with American-sized people very much in mind.

Lots of room. That's one advantage of Omni's front-wheel drive. The size of the tunnel you find in the middle of most conventional rear-wheel-drive cars is reduced. So there's more room for legs and stuff.

Then there's ride. It's stable. Comfortable. Because the right kind of attention was paid to things like spring rates and jounce travel. Front-wheel drive with rack-and-pinion steering does its part, too.

Another thing, with four good-sized suburbanites like you see here, Omni's gritty four-cylinder engine can make this car move with plenty of authority. No sweat at expressway speeds.

Remarkable, when you consider the EPA estimated mileage ratings achieved by that engine and Omni's standard four-speed manual transmission and a 3.3 transaxle ratio:

EPA ESTIMATES:
38 MPG HIGHWAY/25 MPG CITY.

Now, your mileage may vary according to your car's condition, equipment, and your driving habits. And California mileage is lower. But these are noteworthy ratings for a car that can do all the Omni can do.

Here's a suggestion. Visit your Dodge Dealer. Have him wheel out an Omni. Take it out on the freeway. Over a bumpy road. We have a feeling when you're through, you'll be ready to buy, or lease. Omni's like that. It attracts fans.

DODGE OMNI.
IT DOES IT ALL.

Dodge
A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

*Excluding taxes and destination charges.

"For Sale for Industrial Development." Mall packagers are aware of them, and their response is to get as much of the secondary development for themselves as they can, to control it and mold it to their mall's image—and to take in the additional profits. The Rouse Company, for example, realized that their planned new mall in New Jersey was going to attract new housing, so they decided to build it themselves. The result is the Echelon Urban Center—a 1-million-square-foot shopping center in a planned community of 2,900 housing units and landscaped parks. In fact, the "multi-use" mall is becoming a definite trend in suburban and city extent that dying downtowns had to turn to redevelopment schemes.

Now the malls themselves are moving downtown, into the vacuum they helped create. "If used properly, there is something in redevelopment for everyone," Bud Pichetto, a California redevelopment official, told a recent gathering of shopping center executives. Of nine major projects the Taubman Company is planning or looking into, five are in cities. Oakland's downtown regional mall will soon join other major urban projects in Philadelphia, Atlanta, Kansas City, Santa Monica and New York.

situations. Urban Investment, developer of Oakbrook and Fox Valley, calls its downtown Chicago Water Tower Place an "omnicenter": a 74-story complex of condominiums, offices, underground parking, and a Ritz-Carlton hotel, with an eight-level mall fronting it all. The multi-use center is midway between Woodfield—the mall as city—and the planned towns such as Columbia, Maryland, and Irvine, California—the city as mall.

These alien forms, with their magnetic power to attract customers and retailers from everywhere, are rearranging the landscape. The suburban malls found they were creating new traffic patterns, drawing customers from cities and towns and other suburbs as far as 40 to 60 miles away. The resulting ex-flux and competition drained cities to such an

Some of the more flamboyant malls are in the new cities of the Sunbelt—for example, Houston's Galleria, an extravagant expanse of glittering glass rimmed by a brand new jogger's track which provides a constant peripheral counterpoint to the more plodding pace of mere shopping. The Sunbelt is the last clear frontier for malls. Since growth there is so rapid, few cities have a chance to evolve normally. In newly urbanized areas of Texas, Florida and Arizona, malls *are* the downtown, right from the start. "The enclosed shopping center is Houston's equivalent of the traditional town plaza—a clear trend across the country," writes architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable in the *New York Times*.

But even without more great open spaces to conquer, mall developers haven't given up—they're accelerating

their movement into small towns and rural spaces. As Albert Sussman notes, "Before we were building shopping centers to fill a vacuum. Now we're plugging up the holes."

So Yazoo City, Mississippi, is getting its own Yazooville City Shopping Center. Hibbing, Minnesota, Bob Dylan's hometown up in northernmost nothingness, will have a 225,000-square-foot mall with three major department stores late next year. Amityville in New York may have its Horror, but it also has a nice new mall that opened a few months ago. Canal Place One is coming to scenic old New Orleans—an urban "multi-use" center featuring not just a

It's Lobster and Löwenbräu, even though the lobster is microwaved and the beer is made in Texas

mall but three office towers, two hotels, townhouses, a helipad and an entertainment complex. A big piece of the up-front money for Canal Place One is coming from Iran.

Put it all together and what do you get? "The mall is a great machine," says Cesar Pelli, who used to design shopping centers as a partner in Gruen Associates. Now he's dean of the School of Architecture at Yale and the chief architect of the proposed addition to the Museum of Modern Art. "Malls succeeded because for the first time shopping was approached as an idea," he says. "But now they have become too successful—in the same way that the automobile has become too successful. They are so powerful that they overwhelm everything else—there is nothing strong enough to balance them."

Tall, dark-hajred, with a European manner and accent, Pelli speaks in a rapid clip about a social landscape oversaturated with shopping centers, and about the consequences of the mall's magnetism on communities, particularly small ones, that can't compete with the furious retail and social activity the malls generate. One conclusion: "Towns disappear," Pelli says.

Towns disappear! Move over, Godzilla and H.G. Wells. Consider the sadly named town of Aurora, Illinois, for example—first crippled when business moved out to a strip center, then done in by Fox Valley mall. The same has happened in California, Minnesota, Pennsylvania... everywhere. Who needs a Martian heat ray?

Malls use up more than 2 billion square feet of retail

space; they employ over 4.5 million people. They also pay millions of dollars in state and local real estate taxes and generate an estimated $8.3 billion in sales taxes. So it is no wonder they dominate the space that surrounds them. In jobs alone they exert power—at times DeBartolo's Randall Park employs as many as 5,000 people, which is far more than the population of the nearest community. Malls have quietly entered—and quietly transformed—many communities, but they have also blundered and smashed their way into enough places that even Albert Sussman admits that "some centers have abused the landscape, created eyesores, have produced chaotic traffic conditions and even disrupted local community life."

SEVERAL YEARS AFTER MARCIA HAD GRADUATED from Walter Johnson School, and moved to Washington, D.C., leaving Montgomery Mall behind with her high school memories, another mall began moving in on her old neighborhood. But this time it appeared virtually in her parents' backyard—in a quiet residential community which had always protected itself against commercial development.

From the mall developers' first overtures, Marcia's parents and their neighbors in Garrett Park Estates were ambivalent. "People started thinking how it wouldn't be so bad," recalls Chester Flather, the community's representative on the local council. "They liked the idea of having a nice Bloomie's and Lord & Taylor out here and maybe a few more shops—25 or 30. The housewives thought they could work there part-time."

But they were also concerned about pollution and traffic

A case of mallaise: Downtown Greensburg, having been malled from without, is fast becoming a shell of its former self

patterns. According to Flather, to soothe them, the Lerner Corporation, Washington's dominant mall developer, made certain promises. Don't oppose us, the company said, in effect, and we'll put it all in writing. And so the Garrett Park Association voted to let the mall in by a margin of two-to-one.

Now, White Flint is a massive reality. Beyond the street where Marcia grew up there is a slight rise and a row of trees. Beyond that, there used to be a golf course. Now there is a white colossus—bigger than any of Garrett Park's residents had ever imagined—the largest shopping mall in the Washington area. More trees were cut down than anyone had expected. The traffic became tremendous. "They lied to us," says Chester Flather.

Some of Garrett Park's residents got mad. Formerly sheltered from the highway culture by woods, distance and money, they now had huge lights glaring down on them at night. There were complaints that covenants Lerner had signed promising landscaping and pedestrian walkways weren't honored. The county government briefly withdrew permits for completion of the mall's interior. There was talk of a boycott. "It really bothers me," Marcia's father says, "that a big corporation can come in here and do as they please."

But the anger was—and still is—mixed with ambivalence. White Flint was not only a *fait accompli*—as Flather talked quietly about closing it down before last Christmas, he acknowledged that his daughter was working there—it soon worked its powerful magnetism even on its critics. It is, after all, one of the poshest, most progressive malls in the Washington area—the first in the country to offer a single credit card good in all its shops. "When I used to tell people I lived off White Flint Road," Marcia recalls, "they'd say *where*? Now White Flint is *it*." "Having the mall is not all bad," Marcia's father admits. "If you live in the suburbs and don't relate to downtown, you have nothing to miss and everything to gain. Out here we had no public space before the mall... We never thought of Bethesda as 'our town.'"

What then does White Flint represent in Marcia's world? Malls like to think of themselves as contemporary analogues of the old public markets, but there is a crucial difference. Those markets were really *public*: administered by public agencies for one and all. A more striking analogy from history presents itself, another institution that the malls physically resemble: stone fortresses surrounded by great moats of concrete—aloof, inviting, separate and powerful, but fulfilling the needs of their time better than anything else around... Malls are the feudal castles of contemporary America.

There are striking similarities. Castles became internally elaborate, eventually including storehouses, lodgings, chapels and the lord's court. So have malls, and the medieval impression is especially strong at a multi-use mall like Del Amo near Torrance, California, with its numerous structures and defensible perimeters. Individual castles became so powerful and well-known that civil rulers often substituted the name of their principal castle for that of the county. A township in New Jersey likewise changed its name to that of its most prominent shopping center. Castles furnished protection against the environment—wolf packs, thieves and other hazards of the medieval landscape—as much as against armies. Malls also are havens from the outer chaos: the fumes, the noise, the craziness and the cars...

Feudal castles ruled a fragmented landscape and dominated public life. The lords were lord of more than their castles, as are the mall developers and managers today. In his "LA: In Search of a City" series for *West*, journalist Michael Fessier concluded that the manager of Topanga Plaza was more a mayor than the one Los Angeles elected. Certainly Harry Overly, manager of Greengate Mall and an executive of its parent company, Rouse, is more a lord of central Westmoreland than the mayor of the county seat, whose part-time salary wouldn't pay for Harry's brogues. At Christmas time, people drive out to Harry's estate to see its fabulous decorations—every corner of the house, all the

fences surrounding his land, every branch on the trees in front is outlined with white lights. A Santa and three elvettes in green tights dispense candy to the kids in the cars. The Santa charade is a benefit for Children's Hospital (the elves accept donations), but the whole scene suggests the peasants at the lord's gate on the big holiday.

The analogy can be extended, but actually the malls do the castles one better. Castles sometimes had to compete for dominance with monasteries, but malls have done with religion what they do best—absorbed it.

Many malls have chapels where marriages have been performed. One of the most activist and close-knit Catholic parishes in Chicago is headquartered in the Ford City shopping center. Monroeville Mall has a counseling kiosk, the Talk Shop, where spiritual information is provided along with mall directions. Monroeville also features the John XXIII Chapel (next door to Funland and the Luv Pub) where mass is celebrated daily.

The church groups involved typically deny any special relationship with the mall itself—they claim the facilities are simply the most convenient for their flock. That's also what they said at the services Barbara and I attended in a basement community room of the Rosedale Mall in Minneapolis. The setting was ascetic—bare concrete walls and folding chairs—and the services were unpretentious: for the adults, a modest sermon/discussion on developing inner values led by a young divinity student, and for the kids, Bible school. All of it ended at noon, which is when the mall opens for business on Sunday.

We went upstairs; the mall was already well populated. As we walked among the shoppers, browsers and wanderers, we recognized some of our fellow celebrants from the basement. They mixed right in with the main show now, the crowded mall on Sunday afternoon. Some of them still carried their Bibles, and they were still smiling.

Part IV WHERE NO MALL HAS GONE BEFORE

"We want to enclose the universe in the work of art. Individual objects do not exist anymore."

Gino Severini, *Futurist Manifesto 1913*

"I know we've come a long way,we're changing day to day, but tell me, where d' th' ch'ldr'n play."

Cat Stevens,
Where Do The Children Play?

ON LOW-CLOUDED NIGHTS in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, there are two immense glowing spots in the sky: The one to the west, which is always orange, hovers over Greengate Mall; the one to the east, which for some reason is always white, is the aureole of Westmoreland Mall. These are the signatures written across the night deciding Greensburg's future. They are the culmination of the Highway Comfort Culture's sacking of the city, the drawing out of its middle-class traffic, the abandonment of downtown to those who work in the county courthouse and to motorless old people and students. The city has been slow to adapt to the changes, immersed in the lethargy and squabbling that is sometimes known as the political process. Town governments and merchant associations simply can't function or respond as efficiently as the mall's single management. The town isn't a controllable unit; a lot of people in it are too independent to be controlled anyway. So a large part of what has happened to the culture in the last decade has happened out on the highway: The circus is no longer in town.

Greensburg is not one of those towns that has disappeared, but it has changed since I first left it to go away to college, some 14 years ago. A town of less than 20,000, it was settled before the American Revolution and named after General Nathaniel Greene in 1799. Though Greensburg has gone through many changes in its long history, the most portentous of recent years were on display just before Christmas of 1977.

At Westmoreland Mall in early December, flamenco Muzak was playing as people lined up at Orange Julius and at the glass elevator which goes from one floor to the other. The *Star Wars* soundtrack, animating teenagers in Camelot Music, also surrounded their older siblings knotted in makeshift reunions with dimly recalled high school classmates home for the holidays. The serious shoppers—heartbreaking young women with modified Dorothy Hamill haircuts, their frankly svelte figures in pullover split-neck tops and black polyester knit flared pants, each dragging three blond kids and a double-knit-sloppo husband who looked like he'd been drinking beer in a laundromat for 20 years—were spinning through aisles of genuine walnut jewelry boxes with sardonyx Incolay stone tops, Infinity Model Qa speakers with optional pedestals, TV Action News Team dolls, imitation Christian Dior velours, anti-cling crepeset lounging pajamas, wrap-tie shawl cardigans, electric crock pots, handsome wall dividers, multi-option video games . . . While old men sat on benches in the non-shade of the non-palm trees.

And at Greengate Mall on the other end of town, it was much the same—high school girls in tight jeans and cheerleader jackets, a scholarly young man in glasses and V-neck sweater, a couple kissing, a salesman in a cheap snug suit. . . Movement everywhere, except on the escalators, where people were packed motionless in their cowhide leather coats and Dacron polyester fiberfill arctic-Apollo moon-ski jackets, a tableau suggesting a conveyor belt in a wax museum. Traffic was backed up on the highway.

As always, there were Christmas celebrations in Greensburg, but things were not so merry and bright. A small dispirited parade moved past the ghosts of Christmases past—by the La Rose Shop, holding its going-out-of-business sale after 55 years (appropriately, it's two mall branches will remain open—it's sale banner said, "The Future Decided"); by the remains of the Bon Ton, a once mighty department store whose facade literally crumbled into the street last spring; and by Troutman's, the biggest store left in town, which will keep its old and long since paid for building here, but will open its new larger store at Westmoreland Mall. The streets are a little less lonely than usual, but not by much. After nightfall, when the malls and the highways are still teeming, these streets are dead.

There is little about this that is strange to the kids who have grown up in Greensburg since I left. Greengate has been around for 13 years, after all—long enough to be simply "the mall" to most people; long enough even for the birds, scarce in the Pennsylvania winter, to nest in its warm places outside. Westmoreland Mall, being brand new, is still somewhat controversial (some people think its terrazzo tile is too hard to walk on), but it, too, is rapidly becoming part of everyday life.

Just how completely malls have been woven into the social fabric became suddenly clear to me when I met Carol at the Boardwalk, the electronic arcade of the Greengate Mall where she dispenses change and keeps order among the kids playing air hockey and Death Race. Over the ringing of pinball and the bleeps of Break Out, Carol told me about herself. She was a runaway at 17, hitching to the West Coast where she "got high a lot and learned more about life in three months than I would have in 20 years in Greensburg." After bumming around East Coast beaches, trying school and a number of dead-end jobs and finding Jesus, she wound up here: at the Boardwalk. . . . It was a usual

MALLFEASANCE

A major attraction of malls is the assumption that they are safe. Generally they are—but so are city streets, generally. What they aren't is crime-free: Malls have muggings, rapes, kidnappings, car thefts, vandalism, torchings and arson; pickpockets, perverts, drunks and Dr. Dirty.

Dr. Dirty was a salesman in Minnesota who scanned newspapers for mention of women recently discharged from maternity wards. He called them up and, posing as a doctor, told them blood tests revealed that their newborn babies had a disease curable only by breast feeding. By this time the mother's milk had dried up, so for each woman Dr. Dirty (as the police came to call him) had a single unvarying prescription: Cut the legs off a pair of panty hose, pull it up over your chest and cut spaces for your breasts. Then, in order to shock your system so that the milk will start to flow again, go to a shopping center and expose yourself. It sounded reasonable enough to some 50 women. And it was 10 years before the "doctor" was caught and sentenced to psychiatric treatment. In the meantime, mall shoppers in Minneapolis were presented with a rash of female flashers.

For the most part, Minneapolis malls don't have grave security problems. "Our security people are mostly public relations," says Bruce Andrews of the Dayton Hudson Malls. "They help people find their cars, or get gas if they run out in the parking lot, and find lost kids." Security people at Fox Valley in Illinois, Tysons Corner in Virginia, Promenade mall in California and Greengate in Pennsylvania say the same thing. They function as neighborhood cops used to—they lend a hand for whatever's needed.

In many states, finding lost kids is about all the security guards can legally do. In Illinois, for example, they can't stop and detain purse snatchers or search anybody. "We're baby sitters and watchdogs," one guard told me. "That's all we can be." The Tennessee Supreme Court even decided recently that shopping centers in that state weren't obligated to provide any security for shoppers.

Some states have decided differently, and other malls around the country use additional security personnel. The uniformed guards at Promenade mall in Topanga may be powerless, but off-duty Los Angeles police patrol—in plain clothes. The Dayton Hudson malls in Detroit hire deputy state police officers as an extra precaution against the relatively rampant crime in that city, including an organized car-theft ring that specializes in shopping centers. These officers have full police powers and can carry sidearms. "But I'd hate to have to shoot at anybody in here," one guard at another mall said. "This place is a shell of steel—the ricochets would get everybody in sight."

The most common crimes in malls are minor vandalism in the parking lot, shoplifting, loitering and credit card theft—which can get pretty expensive given the layout of a mall. "If it's Master Charge or something, stores don't check ID on purchases under $50," a guard said. "You can go down this line of stores with a stolen card and in one afternoon nickel and dime the place to death." Some serious crimes do occur, kidnappings in particular. The two young daughters of Washington, D.C., disc jockey Tom Lyon disappeared from Wheaton Plaza shopping center in 1975 and have never been found. But other crimes have been solved because the criminal's m.o. is the mall. A woman shopper was abducted from Greengate Mall but escaped. Her teenage assailant was caught when he came back to the mall the next day and was identified by the woman—who had also returned. And Dr. Dirty was nailed at a shopping center.

Mall security often has a hot line to medical services, but the real hidden danger to mall shoppers is fire. Malls are vulnerable structures—those high central courts can create updrafts that fan flames. Being enclosed, smoke—the prime killer—has no place to go. And neither do the people if the mall has few exits. Malls may also be fairly distant from local fire companies, often not well equipped to begin with. When 25 percent of the Westgate Mall in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, burned down a year ago, no one was injured, but investigation showed that the mall had no fire alarm or sprinkler system. Most large malls have both as well as smoke detectors. "But they're still kind of hit and miss, if you know what I mean," a security employee confided.

One future danger could be terrorism, especially at the posher new malls. As symbols of conspicuous consumption—the kind some French terrorists named as their targets—they are vulnerable. In South Africa the bombing of an underground mall destroyed stores on two levels.

Most customers, however, seem satisfied with mall security—sometimes they're amazed. Several months ago, in a Massachusetts shopping center, a child had an inexplicable seizure. Within minutes a mall guard, also a registered nurse, diagnosed it as a febrile seizure and told the girl's mother not to worry. An ambulance arrived immediately. Several hours later, the hospital confirmed that diagnosis and the girl was released. "When I thanked them," said her mother (Barbara's sister, Mary—see text), they said it was routine—they'd handled four emergencies that morning. But imagine if it had happened anywhere else . . . ".

enough story, full of the rites of passage quickly standardized since the sixties, and we were able to compare impressions of places we'd both been and what it was like to be back in our hometown. But there was one big difference in Carol's story: malls. Dozens of them that she remembered, all over the country. She had spent alot of time in them—getting out of the heat and the coid, wandering around when she was broke or just felt like hanging out, eating an ice cream cone and watching.

That wasn't at all strange to her, but it was still strange to me. I was back in Greensburg to write a novel in inexpensive isolation, and I found myself wondering what had happened to the town I grew up in. Greensburg was never an idyllic place to be young—in many ways it was a classically crushing small town environment. The malls have brought certain obvious advantages. In some ways they are more stimulating, and certainly more comfortable. Their nature as fantasylands is peculiarly suited to childhood and adolescence. I tried to imagine what it would be like to grow up in one. The new things the mall provided were clear enough—the protected space, the fountains to groove on, the railings to lean on, the record stores, the pizza shops, the electronic game rooms. But what was missing in the mall that was present in my childhood?

For one thing: the weather. That's what I remember most about growing up mall-less in Greensburg. . . . Like many adolescents, I was a helpless devotee of the "pathetic fallacy," which in literature is a universally condemned device for using the weather to mirror states of mind. But I was applying it to life: playing off my moods against the wind and rain and sunshine, the contours of clouds and the colors of the sky. Weather changed, and it was worth watching.

> "Malls have become too successful— in the same way the automobile became too successful"

The gradations of weather taught me something about the gradations and complexity of emotion.

In fact, in spite of daycare centers and the Mickey Mouse promotional gimmicks, hermetically sealed mall environments aren't meant for children. They are never-never lands for consumers; playpens for adults . . . So where do the children play? At Fashion Island, on the DNA-chain red-and-blue slide in the courtyard by the quaint and useless footbridge over nothing? Near one of those inexplicable mall icons, like the circular purple rug about four feet in diameter surrounded by eight globe lights on tall black stands at Del Amo Fashion Center?

Prefabricated, highly defined space with separated functions is not the same as the organic chaos of a city or town, let alone the natural landscape, even if it's made to look like all of that. And in this sense, the mall is characteristic of the environment many of these kids now inhabit. Growing up, moving from home to school to the mall—from enclosure to enclosure, transported in cars—is a curiously continuous process, without much in the way of contrast or contact with unenclosed and unplanned reality. Places must tend to blur

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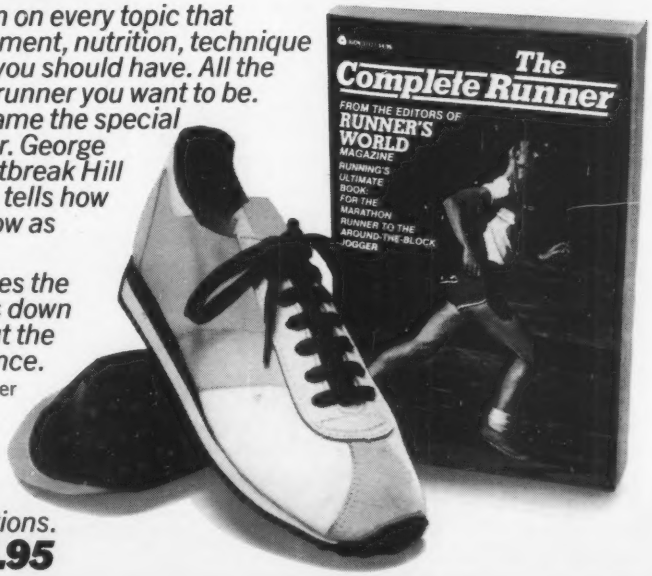
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into one another. The mall is just an extension, say, of school—only there's Karmelkorn instead of chem lab, the ice rink instead of gym . . . high school without the impertinence of classes.

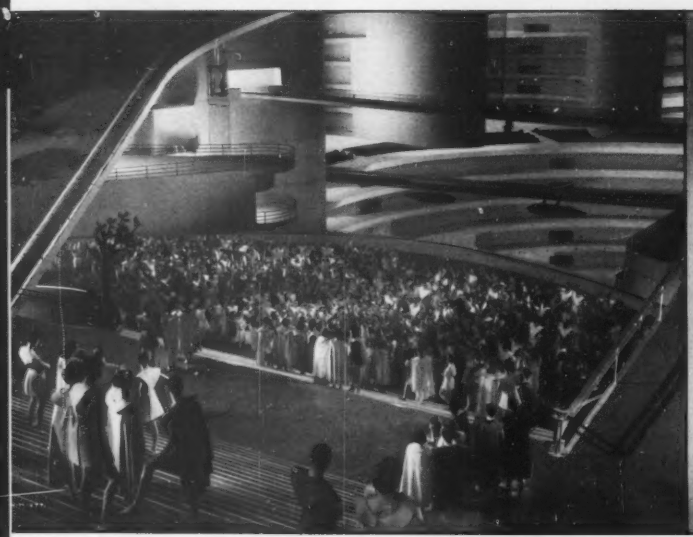
But they are at play in the fields of this world and they learn it—they adapt to it and make it adapt somehow to them. It's here that these kids get their street sense—only it's mall sense. They're learning the ways of a large-scale artificial environment: its subtleties and flexibilities, its particular pleasures and resonances, and the attitudes it fosters. Whatever differences and dangers there are in this, these skills may turn out to be very useful after all.

For out of necessity and because we're intrigued with the notion, we are moving inexorably into an age of preplanned and regulated environments. Ironically, we're doing it largely because of ecological concerns: We have to manage our resources of energy, space and life-support. Small steps have already been taken with planned communities; significantly, two of the more successful (Columbia, Maryland and the Irvine Plan in California) are the product of major mall developers (the Rouse and Irvine companies respectively), with malls as their physical and social focal points. Even Arcosanti, the city of the future designed by visionary architect Paolo Soleri, is an extension of the mall concept, as Soleri himself admitted in a television interview when Dick Cavett commented that his plan sounded like living in a shopping center.

The ultimate artificial environment would be totally enclosed, planned, controlled and self-contained—so completely independent that it could exist anywhere. And that ultimate enclosure—in effect, the ultimate mall—has already been conceptualized. . . for outer space.

Astrophysicist Gerald O'Neill and a NASA-sponsored team have designed a self-sustaining artificial space environment for 10,000 people called Island One. A mile in circumference, with landscaped grounds, growing plants, climate control and a profit motive—collecting solar power to be sold back to an energy-starved and overcrowded earth—the first one could be launched by the 1990s if the public and investors (like the Saudis, who are interested) can be convinced that it's worthwhile and feasible. *Feasible*—are you kidding? Century City in space, Southdale of the stars? The cosmic Irvine Plan, Del Amo of the heavens? Welcome to the mallenium: Fashion Island as Island One.

The fantasy is clearly out there at the malls already—all you have to do is check out the b[illegible]king sanctums of the Boardwalk at Greengate, or Fun[illegible] at Mo[illegible]ville, Piccadilly Circus at Southdale, Le Mans S[illegible] Del Amo, Sega Center at Fox Hills . . . any of these places with the panels of lights in the dark, the starry fantasy depths where stoned young minds burn on and occasionally nova. Adolescent denizens can remain hour after hour in that world of inescapable electronic panels right out of *Star Trek*. As they zip out now and then for a cheese stick and Orange Crush, cruising the continuous corridors past the TV screens in the store windows and all the merchandise functioning perfectly—it's obvious that it's all here already: food, clothing, entertainment, information, people; even work. . . . A limited spectrum of events that satisfies basic sensory needs combining in cybernetic excitement, in a safe enclosed area with room to walk around. It's so logical. It's like this . . . starship. "These enterprises do not require outdoor settings," as Huxtable points out. They don't really have to be attached to the earth at all. Give them warp drive and a five-year mission . . .

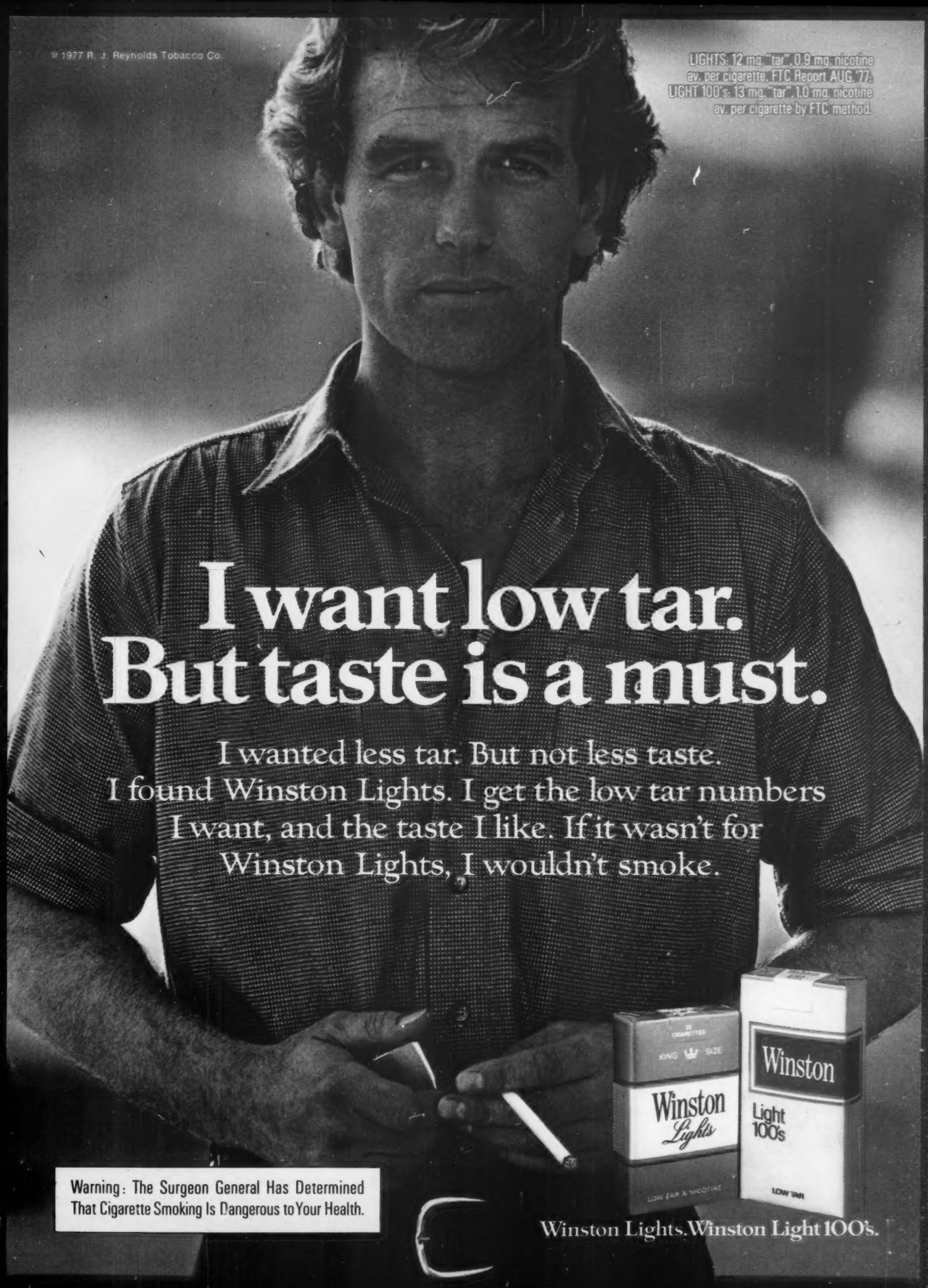


Which came first, the mall or the sci-fi movie? Left, *Everytown's City Hall* (1935), based on H.G. Wells' *The Shape of Things to Come*; right, *THX 1138* (1970)

THE AFTERNOON I TALKED WITH CAROL in the greenish glow of Pong panels, amidst the truncated high-pitched screams of computer dive bombing, I was completely floored by an innocent question. "What's your *favorite* mall?" she asked. I guess to her, the question was as normal as asking my favorite rock star. If I had been able to answer, we might have gone on to discuss the relative merits of Casa Linda Plaza vs. Snug Harbor Square, just as if we were comparing Linda Ronstadt's version of "Down So Low" to Tracy Nelson's. But the question astonished me. What could it mean—a "favorite" mall? What distinctions could be made? Wasn't it

PICTURE CREDITS

Page 32: Medieval market, Bettmann Archive; Santa Anita Fashion Park (with Lichtenstein sculpture), Gruen Associates; *Dawn of the Dead* (zombies in mall parking lot), Katherine Kolbert; Commons and Courthouse Center (bottom left), Gruen Associates. Page 37: The Gallery, Rouse Company; Galleria, Galleria Center Association. Page 43: White Flint Mall, Lerner Corp. Page 46: Santa Anita, Gruen Associates. Page 52: *THX 1138*, Memory Shop; *Things To Come*, Penguin Photo.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like asking which was my favorite Holiday Inn?

Well, some people probably have a favorite Holiday Inn. And after experiencing some 30 shopping malls in various parts of the country in a six-week period, I could go back and answer—yes, Carol, I have some favorite malls. . . . I liked Fox Hills in Culver City near Los Angeles on a weekday afternoon when the school kids waiting for buses did their homework on the huge orange tinker-toy tower that connects the two-and-a-half bright and clean-lined levels. In Chicago I liked going to Water Tower Place just for croissants in The Courtyard, and in Boston I enjoyed the amazing salads at Faneui! Hall and the walk along the Waterfront Park. But there is much about malls that remains inexplicable and bizarre. Though I became fairly comfortable and even admiring, I still walk through them feeling like the surrealist painter Giorgio de Chirico who devoted his life to the "interrogation of enigmas." They don't provide many easy answers. Just many, many questions.

Have malls lived up to their potential? Cesar Pelli is among those architects who have designed them who don't think so. "There are no interstices in a mall, nothing to separate one store from another, or one mall from another," Pelli says. "The stores are the same in Detroit or Houston . . . Developers learned they could get away with a minimum of relationship to the community and still attract thousands. . . . They are much, much less than we hoped."

Maybe we ought to be glad that malls haven't realized their full power, especially considering their virtuosity in projecting convincing images. As it is they're somewhere between a potential form of living Newspeak and an ultimate P.T. Barnum wet dream. Come hard times in the economy, malls are perfectly capable of telling us we're really having good times. They might turn themselves into Great Depression theme centers and Ghost Town Amusement Malls—see the tumbleweed blowing through the central court! Feel real rain piped in through special-event holes in the roof! And don't forget the *gruel du jour* at the Bread Line, right here at Tent City Esplanade!

Then, of course, there are the inescapable and chilling similarities between malls and the various enclosed and regimented societies in fiction and film, from *Brave New World* to *THX 1138*, in which the computer priest chants an appropriate shopping center benediction: "Buy more, buy more and be happy!"

But maybe it's just nostalgia for places that have more distinguishing and inspiring characteristics than the relative number of shoe stores. Our lives and literature once centered on a sense of place. But can you imagine William Faulkner writing about the Yoknapatawpha Mall? And what would Ernest Hemingway make of a mall? Would he cherish the local cola? Organize friends to yearly attend Disney at the Dales?

It's hard to accept something like the *Montevideo American News*, a rural newspaper now in its 100th year, carrying under its banner the proud proclamation, "Published in West Central Minnesota's Finest Shopping Center." But

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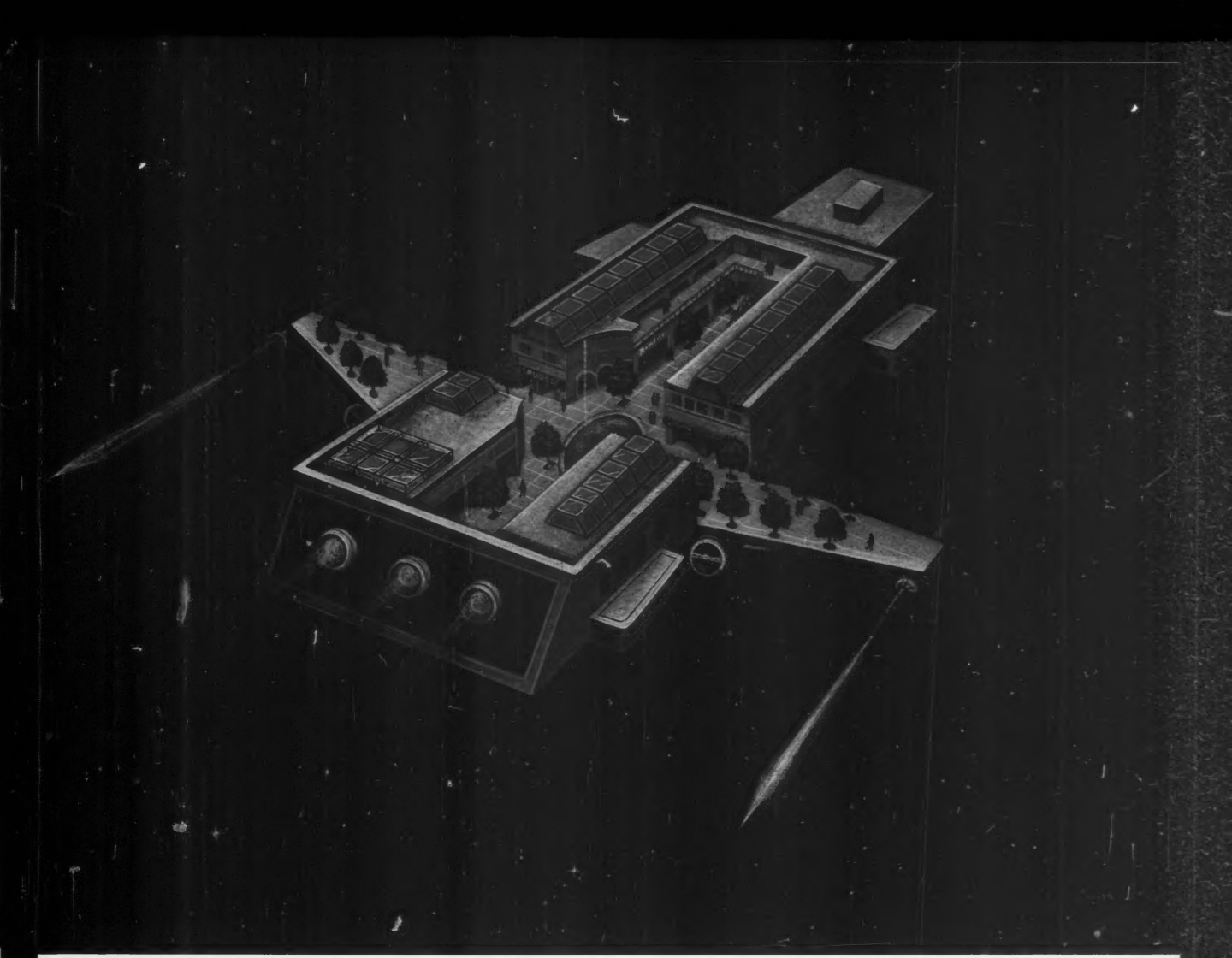

there it is, anyway: The malling of America is well underway. With malls like Water Tower Place in Chicago where it's possible to work, eat, drink, sleep, see movies and plays, make love and buy just about anything without ever going out into the Windy City, it becomes clear that the mall concept has come of age and the sky isn't even the limit. Now there remains but one step to sufficiently fix the idea of this "great machine" in the American mythos: a mall movie.

There have been several movies shot in and around malls, including the aforementioned ghoul thriller, *Dawn of the Dead*, from George Romero. (Interestingly, the producer of *Dawn*, Richard Rubinstein, says that the bomb survivors do not fare well in their mall: "Since everything is there, they think they are safe, but it isn't true. They make mistakes because they are so overwhelmed by this vast array of consumer goods.") And there have been plenty of sci-fi movie sets that have looked like malls, and vice versa: Woodfield and Fox Valley are right out of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*; Water Tower Place is a dead ringer for the future city in *Things to Come*. . . And of course more and more movies are being *seen* in malls, fantasies within fantasies: Several of the biggest theater chains, including General Cinema and Cinemette, are dropping most of their pre-fab screening boxes into shopping centers.

But a movie *about* malls? Why hasn't anyone thought of this before? If they'd just look, they could clearly see—*Mall '78!*: Flamboyant self-made entrepreneur Byron Lord, manager of Esplanade Square Bigdale Mall, is under pressure from the ambitious streamlined on-site development rep, a Mall lifer who has never worked outside climate control. Lord's affair with the chic and worldly manager of Casual Corner is getting tempestuous when—crisis! The sprinkler system was shut down following the dousing of a minor fire (and a quarrelsome county supervisor who got in the way), but another fire erupts, threatening the first floor all the way from Broadway department store past Just Jeans to the Piercing Pagoda. Meanwhile the parking lot is heating up as a suburban motorcycle gang, the Mall Marauders, is mixing it up with a band of Hare Krishnas who've been refused permission to jingle their bells inside. Security is diverted from monitoring middle school truants and observing car thieves to these two scenes, except for young rookie Mick O'Bannion who is delivering a baby on the terrazzo tile in front of Karmelkorn. Of course all this distraction pleases glassy-eyed Dan the Dealer as he peddles his dilithium crystals near the fountain across from Tennis Lady. *But*—dope-crazed Jessica is threatening to throw herself from the second level to the central court Recreational Vehicle display because her mother (currently shopping at Big Woman) doesn't understand her, and her stoned friends are too busy riding the glass elevators to care—except Rodger, who's come to the Mall every day on the pretext of playing air hockey just to see Jessie—he's in the elevator, he looks up, horrified—Jessica's perched outside the sheeny railing, outlined against the bright lights of the National Record Mart . . . ●

Remember Nick Drake

"What do you think of Nick Drake?" a respected rock critic was asked. "Nick Drake," he repeated, and paused. "Refresh my memory"

by Arthur Lubow

After a punk rock concert in New York that strains the specifications of the loudspeakers, English producer John Wood goes backstage. There he is introduced to Tom Verlaine, star of the trendy band Television. To Wood's surprise, Verlaine knows all about him. "I've admired your records for a long time," says the gaunt blond guitarist, then names the performers he likes: the McGarrigle Sisters, John Martyn, the Fairport Convention. "But you know," says Verlaine, "the very best of all is Nick Drake."

"I thought his records were fabulous," says David Geffen at a cocktail party. Geffen, the founder of Asylum Records, was the impresario behind the soft rock of Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne, Laura Nyro. "And yet he met with complete indifference in this country. I thought Nick Drake should have been a star, and that I could help him. I kept asking Island Records about him, and they kept putting me off. And then it was too late."

In Tamworth-in-Arden, a small English village, Molly Drake answers the telephone. It was an American, a fan of Molly's son, who has just come by train from the town of Tamworth, near Birmingham. After calling all the Drakes in the phone book, the girl was told by a taxi driver that perhaps she should try Tamworth-in-Arden. With only a place name and a surname to guide her, she has come from Texas to England in search of the residue and artifacts of Nick Drake.

"What do you think of Nick Drake?" the rock critic for the *New York Times* is asked. "Nick Drake," he repeats, and pauses. "Refresh my memory."

Photographs hint at his unique personal presence. He stood 6 feet 3 inches, and walked with his shoulders hunched. His hands were enormous, his fingers beautiful. "Your first impression of Nick was of incredible elegance," said his friend Paul Wheeler. "Only later would you notice his shabby lace-up shoes and ill-fitting jacket." He usually wore black corduroy pants, black shoes or boots and a black sports jacket. The costume on most people would have appeared a ridiculous affectation. He carried it off.

If he won any battles in his short life, Nick Drake mastered the challenge of authenticity. He was of one piece. His songs, like his clothes, were melancholy to the point of morbidity. Yet somehow he escaped self-indulgence. Elton John, who as a young studio musician cut a demo tape of Drake's songs, recalls their "beautiful haunting quality." There is something disturbingly pure and unspoiled about those songs. Musically, they have the chilling loveliness of a boy's choir singing Fauré's *Requiem*. Culturally, they resonate with the fragile innocence of the sixties counterculture. Although it is not in the nature of flowers to leave monuments, the music of Nick Drake is the hippie vision made permanent on plastic. Listening to music so beautiful, you are shamed by the ugliness of the world.

Nick Drake was born in Burma in 1948 to upper-middle-class, stereotypically British parents. His father, Rodney Drake, worked for a British lumber firm; his mother, Molly Drake, was an amateur songwriter in the Noel Coward vein. When Nick was a baby they moved to Bombay, and then, when he was just short of two, they sailed to England, bound for a charming red brick house in the pastoral hamlet of Tamworth-in-Arden, near Coventry. The rambling home was built in 1912 from Queen Anne brick and stone. The back opens onto an English garden that extends as far as the eye can see and then sweeps up into the comfortable green hills.

Nick studied at local schools until he was sent off to Marlborough, an English public school attended by his great-grandfather, grandfather and father before him. He was a star athlete, setting a still-unbroken record for the 100-yard dash. At Marlborough he bought a guitar for £13 (his parents were horrified by the expense) and started writing songs—remarkably sad ones. Many appear on his first album, *Five Leaves Left*. One that didn't and was never recorded is "Magic": "I was born to love no one/No one to love me,/Only the wind in the long green grass,/The frost in a broken tree." He sang of unattainable princesses and the need to play so many parts. It was all very sad. It was all very adolescent.

He didn't need to study to get good grades. He was accepted at Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge; before going up, he spent the summer studying French at Aix-en-Provence. Nick fell in with a good-times crowd, and they drove around North Africa. It was a good summer. In October he went to college.

Cambridge nurtures melancholy. Its green pastures and Gothic colleges romanticize the lost past, objectifying teenage nostalgia. At first Nick loved it. He gave up athletics. Perhaps he had read too much French poetry. He became the poet in black, smoking hashish or dropping acid (the twentieth century's absinthe), strumming guitar, listening to Randy Newman, Tim Buckley and Van Morrison before anyone else had heard of them. His own songs were of moons and seas, landscapes borrowed from French Symbolists. Sometimes he would drive a friend to the Suffolk coast at night. In the blackness they would hear the sound of the pounding waves.

At 18 he thought the world was leaving him behind. Refusing to buy new clothes or brush his hair, he behaved like a visitor in his own body: Why settle in if you're moving on? Although in his

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEITH MORRIS

stooped way he moved with great grace, he was uncomfortable with physical contact. "When he would come to the door, you'd be so delighted you'd want to hug him," recalls his friend Sheila Woods. "But you never did."

His sensitivity became a shield. His friends sometimes wondered if he was a repressed homosexual. That would have explained his sense of defeat at age 18, his intense need for privacy, his denial of the body, his inability to touch people, his idealized view of women and his failure to have a girlfriend. But if he was homosexual, he was far from gay. He was so deeply repressed that he could not imagine a physical salvation.

Too private to talk about his moods, Nick wrote songs that mapped his melancholy with precision. Singing to an audience, he could communicate. His first year at college he played at May Balls, the aristocratic Cambridge version of a senior prom. In denim garb he sang and strummed guitar, backed by a dozen female string players in black evening gowns and white boas, playing over the noise of drunken laughter and broken champagne glasses. At one point during the evening the vocal mike went dead, but Nick finished the song, a song no one else could hear.

After seeing Nick perform in Cambridge, a member of Fairport Convention recommended him to producer Joe Boyd. When Boyd called to ask for a tape, Nick was thrilled. Boyd, then in his twenties, was already a local legend. He had come to England straight from Harvard to set up a record company called Witchseason Productions. Boyd soon signed the brightest young singer-songwriters in England: Richard Thompson, John and Beverly Martyn, the Incredible String Band. He took a great personal interest in his artists, nourishing their egos, unraveling their crises, developing their music. When he heard Nick's tape, he was amazed at the quality. He played it several times, not trusting his first reaction.

Boyd gave the 20-year-old a contract and, in 1968, produced *Five Leaves Left*. The album's title comes from the printed emblem that appears on British rolling papers five sheets from the last. It is a warning that you are running out. *Five Leaves Left* has been compared to Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks*, a contemporary release, for its idiosyncratic coherence and confessional intensity. What makes Nick Drake unique, though, is what's missing: the ability to express anger. His incantatory voice never rises, his lyrics never accuse. His music is never bitter or sardonic. It is not even passive aggressive.

Yet in person, he could be very obstinate. "The first strong memory I have of Nick was at the second or third session for *Five Leaves Left*," recalls John Wood, the sound engineer for the album. The company had brought in a well-known arranger to prepare a few songs for a 15-piece orchestra. "Nick started getting hotter and hotter under the collar," Wood remembers. "He was very young, and he had struck me as a person you could push about. Some people in a recording session will do what you tell them. But he was getting quietly more and more aggravated, and in the end, he dug his heels in and dismissed the arrangements. He said he'd got this friend at Cambridge, Robert Kirby, he thought would be much more sympathetic to what he was doing. Robert had never before done anything in his life in a recording studio. But two weeks later we booked him over with a bunch of musicians—a smaller bunch than the first time, I remember. And we were flabbergasted, he was so good."

Kirby's arrangements on *Five Leaves Left* are lushly baroque, styled after Handel, with heavy use of strings and a partiality for cellos and basses. On "River Man," arranger Harry Robinson was called in to reproduce the swirling gorgeousness of Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloë*. But in the foreground, always, are Nick's voice and guitar, soft enough to blow away, sensitive enough to sculpt the finest curve of mood or emotion.

The album was critically admired, and Nick agreed to support it by performing. He appeared at Queen Elizabeth Hall on the South Bank of London with John and Beverly Martyn and the Fairport Convention. To a packed room he played his songs, sitting on a stool,

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staring at his shoes, never addressing the audience. He later did a series of concerts, a tour of eight clubs up north, but he came back despondent. The audiences had been too busy talking and drinking to listen.

Touring was so painful to Nick that he never tried it again. Stardom, though, still beckoned. Encouraged by the critical success of *Five Leaves Left*, Nick dropped out of college with only one year to complete. His father tried to change his mind: "I wrote him a long letter about the safety of staying in Cambridge," Rodney Drake recalled. "He said the safety of it was the one thing he didn't want."

He moved to London, first to a Notting Hill flat shared with a friend and her pet monkey, then to a room of his own in Hampstead, near the heath. He lived on the ground floor of a Victorian building, in a room with towering ceilings and a single hanging bulb for light. In the winter the room was so cold that he took the mattress off the bed, dragged it near the gas fire, and piled up blankets for warmth. He said he wanted to be alone to work.

In those months he wrote his second album, *Bryter Layter*, an advance beyond the desolation of *Five Leaves Left*. No one would call *Bryter Layter* cheerful, but its sadness is squeezed dry of self-pity. Jazzy piano rhythms and lighthearted saxophones and flutes seem to mock the melancholic lyrics. In one song, the ridicule is made explicit by a female chorus: "Oh, poor boy/So sorry for hisself/Oh, poor boy/So worried 'bout his health." Why is this poor boy so worried? A clue can be found in "One of These Things First," a reincarnation reverie. As the singer lists the things he "could have been," the shaky voice undercuts the whimsy, and the nostalgia for excluded alternatives becomes heavy in the air.

"Do you feel like a remnant of something that's past?" Drake asks in "Hazy Jane I." "Do you find things are moving a little too fast?" That the singer would have answered yes to these questions is illustrated by the portraits he chose for his albums. In one he sits motionless, half of his face in light, half in darkness. In another the cars on the highway and the people on the street are rushing by as blurs while Nick stands, in sharp focus, perfectly still, watching. A professional witness, he was not of his time. He was not all there.

Part of the English romantic tradition, Drake's songs are sad even in celebration, for what they celebrate is lost or fading. Repelled by the imposition of petty, commercial structures on unspoiled natural landscape, Nick took as his mission William Blake's challenge: "To see a World in a Grain of Sand/And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,/Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand/And Eternity in an hour." The vision makes *Bryter Layter* magical, childlike. "I've never felt magic crazy as this," Nick sings in his most beautiful song, "Northern Sky." We feel it; it is the magic of innocence. The songs are so sad because we know their spell must be broken.

Producer Joe Boyd and engineer John Wood say *Bryter Layter* is the one perfect album they have made. When it was released, Boyd said it was a masterpiece, that it would make Nick Drake a star. But he was wrong; the album

His music is never bitter or sardonic. It is not even passive aggressive

didn't sell, and Nick was crushed. For someone who despised money so much that he tried not to carry change in his pockets, commercial success had assumed a symbolic importance. "He was one of the few people I've met who was completely pure and honest," says Robert Kirby. "Maybe he thought he could change people. And he realized then that his music couldn't change people." He had few close personal relationships; now the distant love of admiring millions also seemed beyond his grasp.

Soon after, Boyd sold Witchseason to Island Records owner Chris Blackwell and moved to Los Angeles. Financially, the change did not affect Nick; he would retain his £20 weekly stipend. Artistically, Blackwell admired Nick as much as anyone, and had been distributing his records all along. But it wasn't the same. "I think it was a great blow to Nick when Joe Boyd left," his father recalled. Joe was everything Nick was not: polished, aggressive, successful, surrounded by beautiful women. And he cared about Nick. In some way, Nick cared more about Joe than about anyone.

"I didn't think that at the time," Boyd says. "But afterwards I wondered about it. His parents called me in Los Angeles and said they wanted Nick to see a psychiatrist, but he didn't want to go; he said his friends would be disappointed in him. He mentioned my name, so they asked me to call and talk to him. And I did. He had this way of answering the telephone as if he just happened to have this thing in his hand and he was surprised to hear a voice come out of it. We talked for a while, and he said he was very unhappy, and I told him he should see a psychiatrist, there was nothing wrong with it, maybe it would help him."

The psychiatrist prescribed antidepressant drugs, but they didn't do much good. Nick loathed taking them, and he would start and stop as if he were taking aspirins for a headache. "He would be staying at my flat and we would be talking, and he'd say, 'Do you mind if I go into the kitchen and take my pills. I'm frightfully sorry, frightfully sorry,'" recalled his friend Sophia Ryde. "When he did take them he was a bit better," says Rodney Drake, "but then he would stop taking them and say, 'I'm going to get through this my own way.'"

The depression became overwhelming. It was not just the hurt of a disappointment or the understandable reaction to some temporary misfortune. It was a black fog that covered him for three tormented years. He would sit for hours in a chair, hands folded and twitching in his lap, gazing out a window or staring at the shine on his shoes. Some nights Sophia would return from work and find him sitting in total darkness. After *Bryter Layter* he retreated to his parents' home, but he would make occasional forays into London. He would frequently drive halfway there, change his mind and turn back. He wouldn't talk. Asked a question, he would mumble yes or no, all right or not really. He would laugh nervously and then catch himself. "I wish I could meet someone who's gone through what I have," he told his friend Daisy Burlison-Rush. To Brian Wells he said, "I can't cope. All the defenses are gone. All the nerves are exposed." Paul Wheeler, another friend, remembers it too well. "He was very detached. He kept withdrawing and withdrawing and withdrawing, until he just disappeared."

He would often leave home without saying where he was going. His parents, despairing, would call all the friends they knew: "Have you seen Nick? Is he all right? Please don't tell him we called." He wasn't able to write. "There's music running through my head all the time," he told his father. Yet he couldn't get it down.

Finally, Chris Blackwell offered to let Nick use his apartment on the Spanish coast. When he returned, Nick called John Wood and told him he wanted to make a new album.

He recorded *Pink Moon* in two nights, singing without accompaniment except for his guitar playing and a rare overdubbed piano accent, doing most songs in one take. Wood assumed that these were preliminary tracks, and he asked Nick how he would like them arranged. "I don't want them arranged," Nick replied. "No frills." The album was short, and Wood asked if Nick could add anything. "He didn't want any more songs. He had no more material, and he thought that was part of the deal. And he was right. I wouldn't want to hear any more before turning it over. If something's that intense, it can't really be measured in minutes."

Nick would never perform any song from *Pink Moon* for his friends. Most of the music is feverishly stark and painful-

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ly depressing. Yet the record closes with a hopeful song about a new day dawning, and the echoes it leaves are of stillness, not despair. Robert Kirby, who arranged Nick's first two albums, thinks that *Pink Moon* was the finest work Nick ever did. In personal terms, the achievement is astonishing, for when he wrote and recorded the album, Nick was so depressed that he could barely speak, so confused that he would stand helplessly at an intersection, unable to cross.

Wood told Nick to bring the tape to Island Records and explain that although it was different from his earlier work, it was what he wanted. Nick drove to Island, but when he reached the door, he couldn't go through with it. Without a word, he left the package with the receptionist. A few days later, when someone thought to open it and play the tape, the company realized that this was Nick's new album.

Pink Moon, which has never been released in this country, is the darkest and most difficult of his records. Where the others are lush and gorgeous, *Pink Moon* is spare and distant. Though despair is commonplace on adolescent pop albums, *Pink Moon* is different: "Know that I love you/Know that I don't care/Know that I see you/Know I'm not there." It is despair without the comfort of self-indulgence. It is suffused with a bare and horrifying beauty. It is the last work of a prematurely mature artist.

After *Pink Moon*, Nick got worse. He checked himself into a local psychiatric hospital for five weeks, then checked out. He said he didn't understand the point of living. Every few weeks he would drive out to Suffolk to visit John and Sheila Wood. For hours he would sit silently, until the Woods' two girls would force him to take a walk or play chess. He wouldn't play the guitar. "If you're so unhappy, Nick, why haven't you killed yourself?" Sheila Wood once was brave enough to ask. "It's too cowardly," he replied, "and besides, I don't have the courage." Another time she asked if, somewhere in the past, things had gone wrong. "It hadn't gone wrong," he said. "It had changed."

Once again he couldn't write music. He looked for something else to do. He visited the Army recruiter but didn't get past an interview. He thought of working in a recording studio, but that didn't work out. "He came up with the idea of being a computer programmer," his father recalls. "I didn't know much about it, but I dashed down to my firm to talk to the fellow who ran the computer. So old Nick went down there and passed the intelligence test, and one of the companies in the group took him on." "He started on Friday," Molly Drake continues, "and the Monday afterward they sent him to London, and he had to live alone in a hotel and go off by himself. And he walked right off it."

He couldn't understand why his albums didn't sell. The anger ate within him, but he could rarely express it; on the infrequent occasions he did, he would be immediately crippled by remorse. One fight arose during a conversation with another Witchseason/Island artist, a talented guitar player named John Martyn whom Nick liked, admired and often visited. A fiery Glaswegian, Martyn couldn't appreciate Nick's aloof aristocratic depression. Although

A professional witness, he was not of his time. He was not all there

Martyn won't discuss his quarrel with Nick, friends recall the stories they heard at the time. Nick said that Martyn's music was becoming insincere in an attempt to be more commercial. When Martyn replied that he wanted his records to be heard, not to drop off an abyss as Nick's had, Nick was furious. Didn't Martyn understand that the whole point was to be popular but still authentic? He called Martyn "devious" and drove away. By the time he reached familiar ground, his car had run out of gas. He walked the remaining miles, and when he arrived at a friend's, he was so upset that he wanted to drive back immediately to apologize.

The last person to hear Nick get angry was the most surprised. It was Joe Boyd. Nick said he was ready to record again, but he wanted an advance. He was tired of his schoolboy's allowance. Boyd had always told him he was the best, that he was a star: Then where were his royalty checks? Why had he never made any money? Boyd was amazed. Nick cared about money? He couldn't believe it. Of course, Nick could have an advance, if that was what he wanted. Chris Blackwell would do anything for him. But Nick had to face facts: The albums hadn't made any money. Boyd didn't understand it either, but there it was, in black and white on the balance sheets.

Nick did record four final songs. He was unhappy with them. Two of them—"Voice from the Mountain" and "Rider on the Wheel"—are very pretty, reminiscent of *Five Leaves Left*. The other two are extraordinary. If he had heard "Hanging on a Star," Boyd would have understood Nick's final desperate anger. And "Black-Eyed Dog" is the most chilling song Nick ever wrote. As his voice rises to a scat shriek, his terror becomes contagious. The songs have never been released, but Island Records is thinking of including at least the last two in a boxed set to appear next fall.

Drake was morbidly depressed when he wrote the songs. Late at night in the studio, after he had laid down instrumental tracks, John Wood said to him, "You're having a problem with words." "Yes," Nick said, "I can't think of words. I feel no emotion about anything. I don't want to laugh or cry. I'm numb—dead inside." He told one friend he was "looking to score—the big one." Heroin? "I've tried everything else," he said. "There's nothing else left." He never got any. He had thought of going to Los Angeles, but Boyd talked him out of it. When a compilation album was released in the U.S. (the first two albums have since been reissued on Island Record's budget label, Antilles), the reception at the Troubador featured a cardboard cutout of Nick on stage as the record played. If he wouldn't tour, perhaps his reclusiveness could be commercial.

And then, suddenly, Nick became cheerful. He went to Paris and lived on a barge in the Seine, decided he loved it there and would brush up his French. He borrowed his mother's Linguaphone records. "We were so absolutely thrilled to think that Nick was happy," his mother smiled, "because there hadn't been any happiness in Nick's life for years." He said he would no longer record songs, but he would write for others. The French chanteuse Francoise Hardy had once asked him to write for her. He had been too depressed then, but perhaps now he would.

It was November 25, 1974. Nick often slept late, but it was noon, and Molly Drake went up to ask about breakfast. When she opened the door, she saw the Linguaphone records by the stereo. A Brandenburg concerto was on the turntable. Nick was lying dead in his bed.

The assistant coroner declared it a suicide. Nick had been taking a tricyclic antidepressant called Tryptizol, and he overdosed. An insomniac, Nick had used the drug as a sleeping pill. Molly Drake never suspected it was dangerous. "We used to be so careful about locking up every aspirin and every pill," she says, "but we never thought about the medication he had from the doctor."

No one will ever know if Nick meant to take his life. He left no note. When he returned the last time from Paris, he brought his mother a copy of Camus' *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*. It still lies on a small table in her living room. After Nick died she tried to read it. "I thought he might have been trying to tell me something," she says. The book is about suicide. But it is hardly a suicide note; it is the existentialist argument against taking one's life in an absurd world. For Camus, the myth of Sisyphus was a parable for life: the endless pushing of a boulder up a hill, only to have the rock fall to the bottom just as you approach the top. It wasn't reaching the top that mattered, Camus said. It was the pushing. ●

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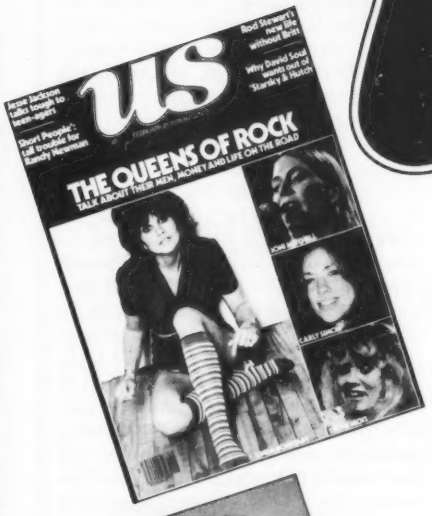

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Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

NOVELIST AS SYSTEMS-MAN

The World According to Garp
by John Irving.
A Henry Robbins Book/Dutton
(437 pp., $10.95).

A conventional plot summary of this extravagant novel is too daunting a labor, and too spoilsport a reduction. But right here some suggestion of the character of Garp's situation is necessary; T.S. Garp is out of the way of the world's common ways. He is of our time, born in a place called Boston, the son of a New England aristocrat (of the second rank) who wishes to have a child, but will not tangle with sex and emotional turmoil. Jenny Fields, a nurse, thus chooses as the author of Garp's almost immaculate conception a 'brain-damaged ball turret gunner, Technical Sergeant Garp. Their get is educated at the fashionable Steering School, where Jenny becomes the resident nurse and he becomes a wrestler, a writer, a husband, a father, a lover and a victim.

The World According to Garp is peopled almost entirely with victims. Jenny Fields is assassinated, and so is Garp. Garp is bitten by a dog, Bonkers, a Newfoundland that removes most of one of his ears; Bonkers is bitten by Garp, who removes one of the pooch's ears entirely. Garp slams his Volvo into the rear of a Buick Roadmaster in the front seat of which his wife is ministering to the sensual needs of a graduate student: She is caused to bite off most of his reproductive unit. The same accident breaks Garp's jaw, removes the eye of his elder son and kills his younger son.

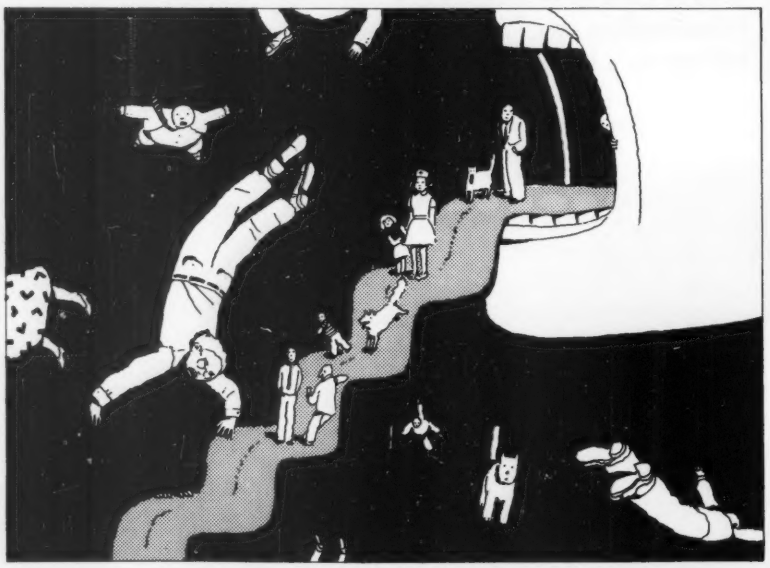
And for all the torn skin and tissue, the buckets of blood, the outrage, *The World According to Garp* is a comic scourge, terminally funny. If Irving's comic system has an antecedent, it is to be found in the work of Joseph Heller, and especially in *Something Happened.* Here, as in Heller's second novel, everything leads toward the most primal terror, and it is realized. A father truly kills his child with kindness: "If Garp could have been granted one vast and naive wish, it would have been that he could make the world *safe.* For children and for grownups. The world struck Garp as unnecessarily perilous for both." He does what he can: Because the pressure of his anxiety is so extreme, and so dangerous to his firstborn, he has a second child. And when the second dies, Garp imagines, in his fiction, another world, *The World According to Bensenhaver.* This novel "is about the impossible desire of the husband, Dorsey Standish, to protect his wife and child from the brutal world . . . "

If I seem to dwell too exclusively on what *Garp* does, and what happens to *Garp,* and how *Garp* reacts, and what *Garp* thinks, fears and dreams, it is well to remember that this is his world. Garp is a novelist, a systems-man, and it is his peculiar ambition to trump what people who are not novelists call The Real World. In fact Garp (and I think Irving) believes in that illusion called The Real World, regards it as a rival to his own, and wages a remorseless (and not always successful) war against facts, things in their historical sequence and magnitude.

"Garp always said that the question he most hated to be asked, about his work, was how much of it was 'true'—how much of it was based on 'personal experience' . . . Garp would say that the autobiographical basis—if there even was one—was the least interesting level on which to read a novel. He would always say that the art of fiction was the act of *imagining* truly—was, like any art, a process of selection. Memories and personal histories—'all the recollected traumas of our unmemorable lives'—were suspicious models for fiction, Garp would say. 'Fiction has to be better made than life,' Garp wrote."

There are at least a dozen moments in *The World According to Garp* when this question—the use of fact in fiction—is turned this way and that, teased, worried, even brutalized. The question is organic to the terms of Garp's fiction, and of Irving's. Garp's mother writes her own autobiography, *A Sexual Suspect,* and it becomes a totem of the feminist revolution. Garp himself, though he denies it, writes fiction that plunders, and rearranges, the facts of his case; his wife, Helen, who sees only the plunder, wishes her husband would better exploit his fancy. Garp, who sees only the rearrangement, cannot understand why his work upsets her.

And Irving himself skates over the thinnest ice to the edge of autobiography. *The World According to Garp* is his fourth novel since 1968, and Garp is given a history as a writer that in many ways precisely dovetails with Irving's. Garp is the author of a novel about two couples who change sexual partners (just as Garp, Helen and another couple mix-'n'-match);this novel is titled *Second Wind of the Cuckold.* Irving is the author of a book about two couples who ditto (*The 158-Pound Marriage*), and its final sentence declares that "if cuckolds catch a second wind, I am ea-



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gerly waiting for mine." Irving's first novel, *Setting Free the Bears*, is preoccupied with "The Highly Selective Autobiography of Siegfried Javotnik." Its central spring, the freeing of animals from the Vienna zoo, is recapitulated in *The 158-Pound Marriage*, as well as in Garp's fiction. Like the hero of Irving's previous fiction, and like Irving himself, Garp is a wrestler and a wrestling coach. Vienna is a crucial setting in all four novels. Helmbart, a fictional New Novelist who appears in Irving's second novel (*The Water-Method Man*), appears also in his next. Dogs, usually mangy and malign, growl and bite through all Irving's books, and in huge numbers in Garp's. The hero of *The 158-Pound Marriage* frets about his children: "Our children were then in dangerous phases (when are they *not*?) . . . " And: Children were "his substitute for an adventurous, explorative life. With children his life would always be dangerous . . . "

It doesn't matter that Irving has two sons. He is playing a different game than fact-seeding when he cannibalizes bits and pieces from his own fictions to lend Garp for Garp's world. It is tempting to imagine that Irving seeks to resonate one book with another, to remind the world of the existence of prior texts. If this were his purpose, the building by archaeological layers of an Irving universe, the making of his own far-flung Yoknapatawpha County, he would repeat exactly, reinforce the details, superimpose one geography and chronology on the next, precisely. But Irving treats his previous fictions like abandoned junk, as though they too, once finished and read, have entered the imperfect world of mere, raw fact, and serve him (and Garp) no other purpose than to be used for the shaped mess currently at hand.

So the parts are modified. In some versions the animals are set free from the Vienna zoo and immediately eat the man who freed them. In others they are set free well after the end of World War II by a man, and in others by a woman. The times and circumstances change always, depending on what is perceived as fit for this or that particular fiction.

"'Tell me *any*thing that's ever happened to you,' Garp told an interviewer once, 'and I can improve upon the story; I can make the details better than they were.'" The ambition is less arrogant than generous, but it is arrogant too; Garp is arrogant, almost hermetically self-absorbed in "his" world. But the wish to make things turn out right, to set them right, is generous: All histories are recollected, shaped, recorded, joined and finished. The world is transformed from a place of violence and hazard and purposelessness into a narrative whose passageways feed into one another for some good reason. Garp "was very ruthless as a storyteller, Helen knew. If the truth suited the story, he would reveal it without embarrassment; but if any truth was unsuccessful in a story, he would think nothing of changing it."

People in Garp's world will do anything, one to another

The World According to Garp is as capacious as Garp is exclusive. It redeems, I mean to say, its audacious title. No one merely walks across the stage of this fiction; every creature is as fully made (even if briefly met) as any god would make its creature. If Garp, as Tinkerer with the world's stuff, is always visible, the effect is not claustrophobic. (Irving wisely tells the story in third person, adding to the narrative soup, without coyness or intrusion, his own substantial presence.) In fact Garp himself, by design, is less fully realized, less finished as a character, than his mother, his wife or a wonderful blowsy divorcee. Even the transsexual Roberta (nee Robert) Muldoon, once a tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles and now a feminist, is polished to a higher gloss than Garp.

Because Garp's job is to carpenter a world, to this end he stands a bit apart from the world he makes, and does not wholly partake of its formal benefits, only of its awful liabilities. In the world according to Garp, and as Garp sees it in the world according to all good novelists, "we are all terminal cases." Just as the novelist, in the heat of his work, learns that everything is connected to everything else, Garp learns that even his fabricated territory is sown with mines, that kinship is another side of conspiracy. "In the world according to Garp, an evening could be hilarious and the next morning could be murderous."

Rape recurs many times in Garp's world (and it is not far-fetched to suggest that so "ruthless" a fictionist as Garp rapes the world to take its facts), and so does child molestation. People in Garp's world will do anything, one to another. An 11-year-old girl, Ellen James, is raped, and her attacker cuts out her tongue, in the mistaken belief that only speech can locate him. In fact, words on paper track him down. But the tongue, its uses and abuses, is perhaps this novel's central conceit. People's tongues are twisted, and produce grotesque or beguiling speech; still they can write like angels (and perhaps have nothing worth saying). To put the world into the record, on paper, is a sacred charge.

And in the wake of Ellen James come the Ellen Jamesians, women who protest the unfairness of the world's ways by cutting out their own tongues. Garp hates them, their nihilism, their *willed* silence, their *willed* addition to the sum of history's mutilations. One day he meets Ellen James herself, and like the Ellen Jamesians, she hands him a note: "'*My name is Ellen James*,' the note informed Garp. '*I am* not *an Ellen Jamesian*.'" They become friends: In the world according to Garp people at their best fit no received system, but invent their own, particular, circumstances.

But Garp is murdered by an Ellen Jamesian, and how she looked at that moment suggests as well as any passage the grotesque character of Garp's world: "At the moment her bone *clicked*, Pooh Percy screamed; even Garp saw what had become of her—the surgery must have been recent. In Pooh Percy's open, yelling mouth, anyone near her could see the black gathering of stitches, like ants clustered on the stump of what had been her tongue."

The world persists after Garp's death—still his—in the form of an epilogue, and here I believe Irving has made a mis-step; and it is a serious one, because it breaks the spell of Garp's invention. Like Irving's few other botches in this novel, the epilogue is telegraphed: "'Ever since Walt died,' wrote T.S. Garp, 'my life has felt like an epilogue.'" And it is justified: "'An epilogue,' Garp wrote, 'is more than a body count. An epilogue, in the disguise of wrapping up the past, is really a way of warning us about the future.'"

In fact, as when Irving suddenly drops some characters into their futures midway through *The World According to Garp*, there are paths of artifice a reader cannot be compelled to follow. This is one of those remorseless, sodden *facts* against which Garp and Irving struggle, usually to great avail. But apart from sometimes using an elaborate wind-up to deliver a slowball (and moments later wonderfully sneaking a screwball past you after no wind-up at all), this compulsion for neatness, the stamping of his brand (*FINISHED*) upon the world he makes Garp make, Irving traverses this huge and busy and dangerous creation surely and successfully. I have enormous respect for his reach and his grasp, and I believe that Garp's world, strange and awful as it is, is one Real World. ●

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Movies / by Richard Corliss

THE STRANGER EQUATIONS OF LOVE AND ART

Violet" (not her real name) was a plump housewife in late middle age, married 40 years, with three daughters, when historian Al Rose interviewed her some years ago while researching a book on New Orleans in the first decades of this century. Summing up her pre-teenage experiences, Violet said that "to me it seems just like anything else—like a kid whose father owns a grocery store. He helps him in the store. Well, my mother didn't sell groceries."

Violet's mother sold herself—or at least those surfaces and orifices that men will pay to possess by the hour—and, from the age of 10, so did Violet. Their place of business was a series of whorehouses in the New Orleans waterfront district called Storyville where, for 20 years, ending in 1917, prostitution was legalized and controlled. Violet was a "trick baby," conceived in a sporting house and raised to follow in her mother's profession. She spent her childhood wandering, like a human mascot, into rooms meant for private pleasures.

On one such expedition Violet saw her mother washing off a client's genitals. "He said don't I think a good little girl ought to help her mother. They both laughed.... So I took the wash cloth and washed him off, and they both laughed and he gave me a dollar." Soon Violet was making $100 a week. As her repertoire expanded—fellatio, active and passive cunnilingus—so did her earnings. Within a year she was performing a "dyke act" with her chum Liz in Madam Emma Johnson's notorious "circus." It was there, at age 12, that she and Liz were auctioned off to be deflowered, for $775 each. She was already a fallen woman—and still a little girl. "My mother was in the circus, too. She's the one who used to fuck the pony. Emma kept a stable in her yard and.... In the daytime me and Liz *rode* the ponies around the yard. Ain't *that* somethin'?"

In New Orleans at the time lived a commercial photographer named Ernest J. Bellocq. Little is known of him, and only two things are remembered. First, his odd appearance. (Acquaintances recall that "he had a very, very high forehead which came to a point... narrow shoulders and a big sitdown place... and he spoke in a high-pitched voice, staccato-like, and when he got excited he sounded like an angry squirrel.... And he waddled a little bit like a duck... and he must have had some kind of brain disease.") And second, his remarkable photographs of the Storyville whores. (On their publication by the Museum of Modern Art in 1970, John Szarkowski wrote: "He was indeed terrific. Within the span of his horizons, he was perhaps perfect.... Bellocq apparently loved women, with the undiscriminating constancy of a genius. If he was in conventional terms impotent, he was in his eyes and spirit an indefatigable lover.... Seeing his pictures we are persuaded that he had knowledge of the nature of other human beings.")

It is this odd and extraordinary couple—Violet and Bellocq—whom Louis Malle has brought together in his odd and extraordinary **Pretty Baby**. This is the movie which, while it was shooting, received a barrage of invective from do-gooders and know-nothings. A 12-year-old prostitute! Sodomy! Gomorrality! Gloriosky! Now that the film has been released, it's likely to be accused of not living up to its press clippings. Nabokov's *Lolita*, another parable on the isolation of the artist and the impossibility of love, faced the same problem with readers who couldn't decide whether to wag their fingers or smack their lips.

Nabokov's book and Malle's movie inevitably disappoint on both counts. Their approach is cool, almost chaste—the big shock is the lack of explicit sex. The only voluptuousness is in Nabokov's prose, Malle's imagery; and this is appropriate, because their protagonists (middle-aged men in love with prepubescent girls) are obsessed artists. The uniqueness of their vision is what brings them close to their young love-objects, and finally separates them. "Oh my Lolita, I have only words to play with!" cries Humbert as he sits in his jail cell, writing the self-defense which is Nabokov's novel. And Malle's Bellocq, the outsider, the observer, the artist, has only pictures to play with: the photographs he takes, first of Violet's mother and her fellow whores, and then of Violet herself. *Pretty Baby*, with its warm, almondy tones and its refusal to judge its subjects, is a work the real Bellocq might have made if his pictures had been able to move and speak.

What Malle wants us to understand through the characters in *Pretty Baby* is that, in life or art, nothing is morally simple. Bellocq's fascination with Violet, and their subsequent coming together, contain all the shifting synergies beneath the surface of any relationship between two people. The strange, quiet man whom the girls in

Oh, you kid!: Brooke Shields as a child on the cusp of womanhood

the house call "Papa" is, to Violet, a playmate, a friend, a brother, a father and, eventually, a lover. When Bellocq buys Violet a doll, it's a present for his mistress, a toy for his child—and a prop for his best model. Bellocq is obsessed with "the light": When Violet's mother exposes her breasts for him, he seems to care only that they will photograph well. He's as possessive of his negatives as any man could be of his wife. And when he falls in love with his pretty baby—when he says, "I'm all yours, Violet"—he becomes just as possessive of her. Any sign of charming or petulant kid's life drives him bats. She's the perfect subject—so why doesn't she *keep still*?

She is also a 12-year-old girl, and he is an adult male, and it's just not normal. Not normal, not simple but, through Malle's and Bellocq's eyes, understandable. The raw material for a perfect work of art is also the raw material of a nympholept's fantasies. It's the appeal—sexual or aesthetic—of the potential, the budding, the almost ready. It's the attraction of a mind and body struggling against cellular decay for a mind and body that can only become brighter, fuller, *more*. It's the desire to possess a child on the cusp of womanly self-consciousness, to mold the malleable flesh and sensibility like a sculptor-teacher. This is the "perversion" of all of Violet's sad-eyed suitors, from her first client to Bellocq. The sexual experiences life holds for Violet are no more pathetic than the lack of experience in the lives of these men. Bellocq has spent his life watching pictures develop; now he has a living portrait that changes and grows as he watches, and watches. Violet is the developing negative in the darkroom of Bellocq's spirit.

Keith Carradine's achievement as Bellocq is that he almost disappears into the photographer's image. Much of what we learn of the character comes through Carradine's intelligent inertia, through his klutziness when he does anything but take pictures, through his daring to lose our sympathy at Bellocq's key emotional moments, when his voice becomes high-pitched, like an angry squirrel's. Brooke Shields' achievement as Violet is that she and the character seem inseparable—partly because *Pretty Baby* is her first film, and she comes to us as some glorious found object; partly because (as Malle himself notes) Shields, like Violet, has been playing the baby seductress all her life. (Like porn star Marilyn Chambers, Shields got her start on an Ivory Snow box; she has been a model since she was a year old.) It's likely that in no other role will she make the impact she does here, because no other role is likely to exploit so perceptively her woman's face—the perfect oval shape, the blue-glass eyes, the spoiled mouth, the Margaux Hemingway eyebrows—and her child's body and carriage: She ambles through the movie with the lithe slouch of an adorable baby gorilla.

Carradine as Bellocq: He had the real bedroom eyes of Storyville

Violet sees her mother's occupation as the merest variation of a kids' game: simulating passion. She's watched this game all her life; it's the only game she knows; it's natural. And it's natural that *she* should play it, too, and be good at it. She stares at the man who has just purchased her maidenhead and purrs, "I can feel the steam inside me right through my dress!" It's only when he claims his purchase that she realizes it's a different kind of game. Two younger children outside her bedroom door hear the scream of a child who has just become a woman. When the man leaves, and the whores go to see how she's feeling, she's spread on the bedsheet as if dead; her mother prods her; Violet sits up suddenly and giggles; her mother tells her it's not funny; and Violet says, "I know it's not funny, am I laughing?" Shields delivers the first part of the line in tears, the second part in a laughter that suggests embarrassment, relief, hysteria, and a first understanding of the rules of this new game. Through an unanalyzable amalgam of performance and personality, Shields makes Violet as complex a child character as any since Margaret O'Brien wrestled agnosticism in *Tenth Avenue Angel*.

The whorehouse is a closed universe, where the air is dead—a museum of commercial passions. And Malle is perhaps too intent on re-creating this universe, and creating a museum piece. He isolates images, and lines of dialogue, leading the viewer along step by step; a Robert Altman would weave the words and pictures into a quadrokinetic pattern that gives the viewer a stronger sense of participation. The figures surrounding Violet and Bellocq (with the exception of Violet's sexy, selfish, almost pre-moral mother, well played by Susan Sarandon) are as flat as the townspeople in a Flemish mural. The nonprofessionals who play some of the whores look right—blowsy and casually spread-legged, unattended and overused—but their line-readings are flat, too; Malle, a Frenchman whose English is fluent and colloquial, may still have trouble judging the nuances and rhythms of the American language. Perhaps the trouble is the dialogue provided by screenwriter Polly Platt. I think it means to be as ornate and stylized as the ad copy the whores provided to *The Blue Book*, Storyville's directory to sporting houses. If so, it needs to be read by expert actors, not the picturesque amateurs Malle has cast.

But these are minor flaws, and can be ignored; they occur mostly in the film's first half-hour, and can be forgotten. What stays in the mind is the irresistible force that draws two people together over all kinds of immovable emotional objects; and the realization that, whatever natural or perverse bonds tie us to the people we love, we're still, irrevocably, as alone as an oddball picture-taker and his child bride with the world-weary eyes. ●

RECORDS

by Jim Miller

Allen Toussaint, the gifted New Orleans producer and composer, has always preferred male singers with peculiar voices—but none has proved as effortlessly idiosyncratic as Lee Dorsey, his favorite vocalist of them all. For the past 15 years, Toussaint has consistently done his best work with Dorsey, the nasal tenor who sang "Ya Ya," "Working in the Coal Mine," "Get Out of My Life, Woman" and the original version of "Yes We Can." The handful of albums they have recorded together are milestones in Crescent City soul; **Night People**, their first recording in over five years, is no exception.

But it is something of a departure. Avoiding the novelties and lively uptempo numbers that have previously been Dorsey's stock in trade, Toussaint has fashioned a series of affectingly simple ballads ("Say It Again," "Can I Be the One") as well as a tribute to America filled with sardonic irony, at least as sung by Dorsey ("God Must Have Blessed America"). Throughout, Toussaint's touch as producer and pianist is light and sure-handed. Dorsey, who bobs and feints like the lightweight contender he once was, elicits a total commitment from Toussaint, and it shows in the material and production. By the last cut, when Dorsey flatly pleads to his love that "you're draining me," the effect is moving, fulfilling and quite unlike anything in the orthodox book of soul balladry.

Lee Dorsey: A contender again

Toussaint's own recent solo effort, **Motion** (Warner Bros.), is not so consistently satisfying. Although he has seen fit to let someone else produce him, that proves to be a mixed blessing. For some reason, producer Jerry Wexler has transplanted Toussaint to L.A., where he performs with competent but colorless sidemen. On the other hand, Wexler, who understands this music, has finally forced Toussaint's voice out front, where it belongs. (On previous solo efforts, Toussaint had timidly buried himself in the mix.) This record suggests that Toussaint favors reedy tenors because he is one himself; and like Lee Dorsey, he has an attractively fragile way with a song. Yet despite the customary passel of good tunes (including his own version of "Night People"), Toussaint's release lacks the natural élan which animates the Dorsey album.

Several soul veterans from Chicago have also been active recently. Walter Jackson, a full-voiced baritone in the mold of Billy Eckstine, Arthur Prysock and Jerry Butler, has at last cut an album of decent songs. Although he is helped by producer Carl Davis and a crack band of Chicago session men, **Good to See You** (Chi-Sound) is very much Jackson's affair. He has the kind of intimate growl that can warm a mundane melody, and he uses it to telling effect here: If Barry White could sing, he might have made this album.

Eugene Record, another Windy City vet, has also crafted a modestly memorable album of ballads. Formerly the composer, producer and sometime lead vocalist for the Chi-Lites ("Have You Seen Her"), Record is undeniably master of his métier, although his limpid falsetto and maudlin lyrics are not for all tastes. **Trying to Get to You** (Warner Bros.) finds Record stuck in a comfortable groove, especially on side two, which includes some neoclassical group harmony ("Love and Fun") and some unabashed tear-jerking ("Share My Life"). Unfortunately, the fair art of the shlock soul ballad often gets short-changed in critical circles, since there is nothing very profound or risky about it, however much pleasure it may afford.

Speaking of pleasure, let me commend Dusty Springfield's first album in four years, **It Begins Again** (United Artists). Produced (rather too ornately at times) by Roy Thomas Baker, and filled with a mixed bag of songs (Barry Manilow's "Sandra" is quite ridiculous), this album only works thanks to Dusty—one of the most sensuous singers to wrap her voice around a song. Stylistically, she's not quite pop, not quite rock, not quite soul, but a little bit of all three. Even if she never makes another record as perfect as *Dusty in Memphis*, one of the great albums of the sixties, it is nice to have her back recording again.●

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Who's next? Nobody/by Bill Westbrook

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The door squeaks open and a hush comes over the place. You quickly take your seat against the wall and wait nervously for the drone of conversation to resume. By and by it does. Only after you feel sufficiently unnoticed do you rise to take off your jacket and hang it on the metal rack by the shoe shine stand. If you're really ballsy and look older than 14, you casually saunter over to the head man in white and ask under your breath for the "Ladies' Home Journal." He gives you a hesitant look, during which you die of embarrassment, then he turns and reaches into the towel cabinet for the well-thumbed copy of *Playboy*. You take your prize and amble—much more noticeably now—back to your seat to wait your turn.

Oh, I remember. I remember Wilbur's Barber Shop in Chester, Virginia, with the candy-striped pole outside and the smell of Wildroot Cream-Oil in the air. There were rows and rows of lotions and shampoos in the huge display case on the wall, none of which ever seemed to get used, much less sold. There were the regulars, old-timers who would spend the whole day at Wilbur's just to pass the time. Then there were kids like me, whose mothers dropped them off with $1.25 stuffed deep in their pockets. Once in a while there was even an unlucky kid whose mother insisted on waiting with him inside. That was the worst thing that could happen to a kid. Your mother in the barber shop was worse than being turned down by Wilbur when you wanted *Playboy*. It was one thing to have your hair messed and sticking up funny in front of a bunch of guys, but in front of a woman it was Embarrassment City. Plus it ruined the afternoon for everyone else. Mothers killed conversation like Raid killed roaches. No risqué remarks—no talking much at all till the kid was out of the chair and they both were out of the shop, he with a glance of apology. And rightfully so.

Today, Wilbur's is probably a unisex operation. He doesn't cut hair anymore, he "styles" it. The off-color joke that was music to my young ears is now the hard rock of Wilbur's Hair Emporium. Barbers, who used to dress like doctors, now for Chrissakes wear bell-bottoms and T-shirts. And I remember when no kid in his right mind would have let a woman barber near his flat top. Now there are women stylists. Braless no less.

And, of course, everything is scissors now. No more the electric fear of the clippers (I told him a *little* off the sides, God what's he *doing*?!). Now it's wash, cut and blow dry. Man, I remember when all you got was two shakes of the golden oil and she laid down nice and smooth.

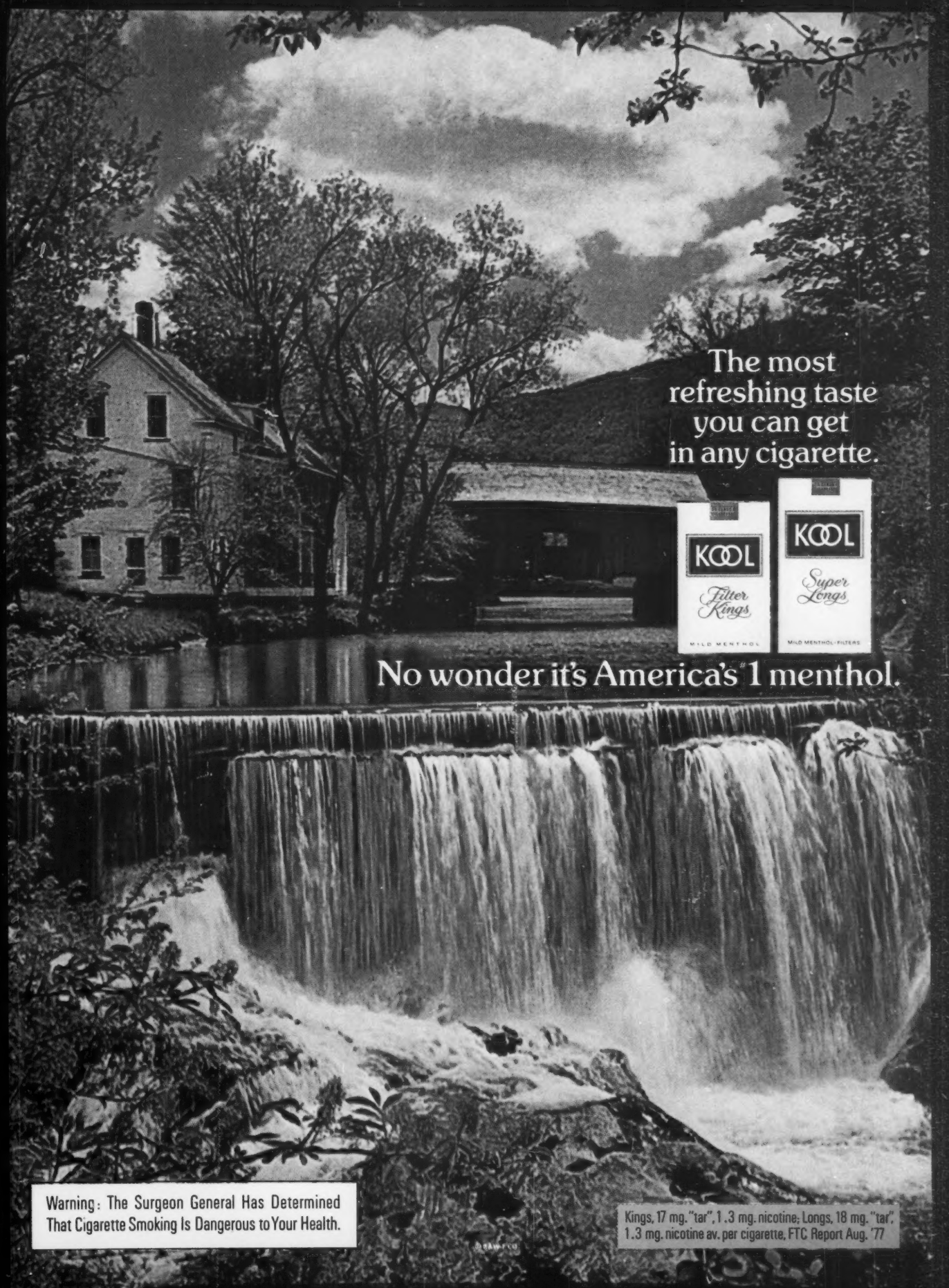
Haircuts in those days were almost rites of passage for us kids. When the barber pulled out the razor and went to work on the strap, we felt a certain, well, maturity come on us. That hot foam around our skimpy sideburns, over our ears and on the backs of our necks warmed our male egos. The scratch scratch of Wilbur's razor made us men before we were old enough to shave. And the sweet smell of his aftershave made us reek with sex appeal, or so we dreamed.

What killed the barber shop? I don't know. Maybe it was aerosol hair spray. Something about it was toxic to barbers and shops alike, I think.

Wilbur was on my mind the last time I went in to have my hair, er, styled. Just for the hell of it I asked the sexy young stylist for the "Ladies' Home Journal."

And you know, that's just what I got.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BERNSTEIN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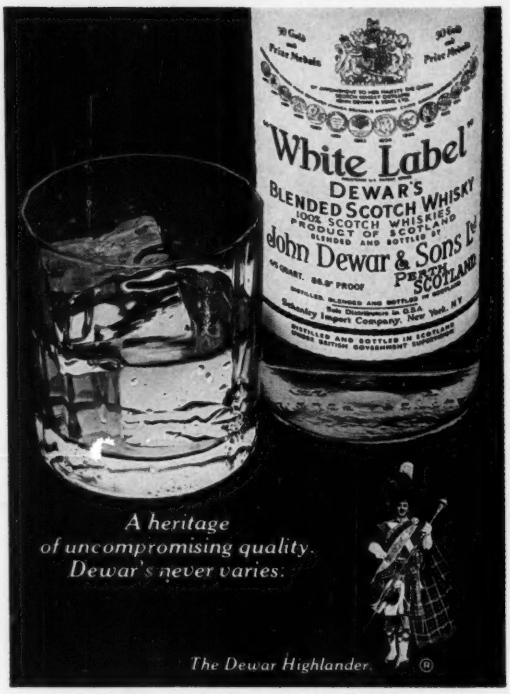
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